McClure's Magazine.

Vol. V. SEPTEMBER, 1895. No. 4.

WILL H. LOW AND HIS WORK.

THE CAREER OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

By Cleveland Moffett.

"The simple privilege of doing art work is in itself the artist's sufficient reward, his only real misfortune being whatever interrupts his studies. '*La grande chose pour un artiste—c'est de faire.*'"—Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Essay on the Sculptor Rude in "Modern Frenchmen."

La Mère Charlotte.
Pencil sketch by Will H. Low, Barbizon, 1873.

RIGHT in the heart of New York, in Fifteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is the large studio of Will H. Low. There I found him, in the early days of June, at work on the design for a stained-glass window for a Boston church. The first thing that caught my eye in the studio, and, indeed, it has the most prominent place there, was a bas relief by St. Gaudens of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was one of Low's dearest friends. On another wall hung the sketch of the immense painted ceiling Mr. Low did in 1892 for the Hotel Waldorf. At the right was a study of "My Lady," his picture that was so much admired at the last Academy exhibition, and that was purchased by the Lotus Club. In other corners were easels bearing two of the artist's latest paintings — "The Nymph Echo," 1894, and "The Spring," 1895. Both are exquisite nudes, painted out of doors, and characterized by a sane observation of the laws of direct and reflected light which produce strong contrasts in the flesh coloring—contrasts which the impressionists are prone to abuse. Mr. Low does not classify himself as belonging to one or other of the warring schools of painting; he is an artist who endeavors to be of his time, which is sufficient.

A man of forty-two, Mr. Low looks much younger, perhaps because he is in such splendid physical condition. He impresses you at once as a good fellow, with no affectation or posings. He is a fine-looking man, with strong features and magnetic blue eyes. His dress is rather careful, but not too careful; and his manner is simple, straightforward, and kindly. When he talks of himself or of his art, he talks unpretentiously. If it will help any one, he is willing to tell of the struggles through which he passed to success. If it will give pleasure, he will talk of Robert Louis Stevenson ("Lewis," he calls him, pronouncing the "s," as the family do), and of their early days in Paris before either was twenty-five. If it will do any good, and he hopes it will, he is ready to give his ideas about American art as it is to-day, and as it may be soon.

All these things seemed interesting to me, and three afternoons we spent in pleasant conversation, I listening, for the most part, and he talking, while at the same time,

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PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW.

CEILING OF THE LADIES' RECEPTION-ROOM, WALDORF HOTEL, NEW YORK.

brush in hand, he kept on at his angels and soft color effects for the glass-worker.

Will H. Low, as he has always been called, despite the protest of old Bishop Starkey, who, alleging that "Will" was "not a Christian name," insisted on baptizing him William, was born in Albany, on the 31st of May, 1853. His father was a constructing engineer and an unsuccessful inventor, which suggests the reflection that there may be some subtle relationship between the artistic and the inventive faculties, since both give exercise to the creative power. It will be remembered, for instance, that both Morse and Fulton were professional artists long before they ever dreamed of winning fame with the telegraph and the steamboat. However this may be, young Low was born with the intense desire to be an artist. He never had to waste time solving that troublesome problem of choosing an occupation.

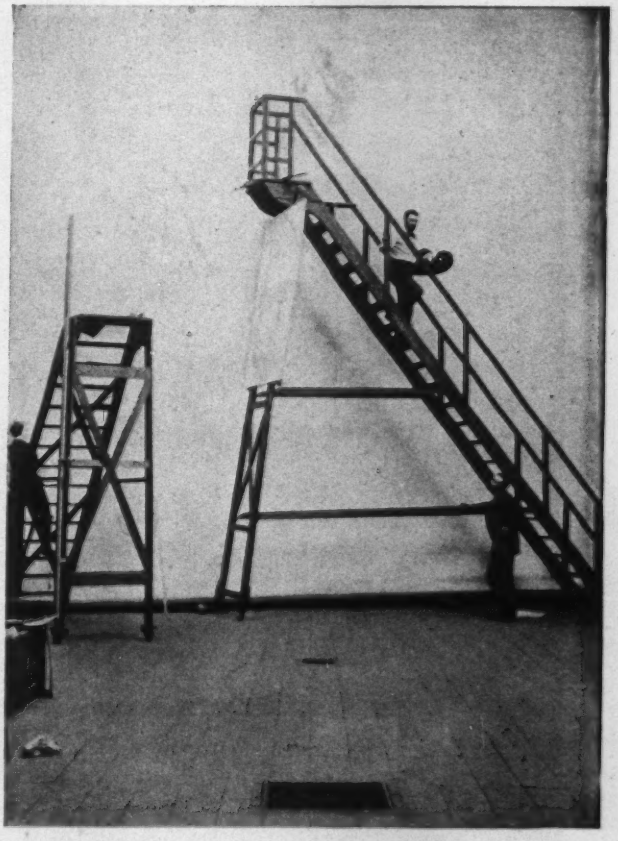
As a boy, Low was frail and sickly, which was, perhaps, a good thing for his art career, since it resulted in his being frequently changed from one school to an-

other, with numerous intervals when he did not go to school at all, but remained at home, free to spend his time as he pleased. Needless to say he spent most of it in drawing, giving the remainder to undirected reading.

In his seventeenth year Low paid a visit to New York, in the course of which he was introduced to Mr. Bowen, the editor of the "Independent." He had brought with him a drawing. This he submitted to Mr. Bowen, who looked at it approvingly, and agreed to publish it if Low would draw it on the block.

"If you will give me the block, sir," said the young man, "I'll do my best."

The editor, struck by the boy's earnestness, furnished him with the block. Low had never before tried to draw on wood, but after hard labor the block bearing the finished drawing was sent to New York and was found satisfactory by the editor, who sent back a check for fifty dollars in payment. This money, the first Low had earned by his art, was destined to be of the first importance to the young man; for a few months later, before he had arrived at his eighteenth birthday, and when he was about to enter upon a course of serious art study, his father met with business reverses, which caused a change in all these plans. As soon as he understood the situation, the young man, with characteristic confidence in himself, announced his intention of going to New York and earning his own living. There still remained of his earnings twenty-seven dollars, and he regarded this sum as abundantly sufficient to get him started.



MR. LOW IN HIS STUDIO IN PARIS, WHILE ENGAGED ON THE PAINTING FOR THE WALDORF HOTEL CEILING.

So, in 1870, this pale-faced boy, still far from robust, although stronger than he had been, came to New York and set about finding out what he could do with his pencil to earn money. At first the magazines and

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW, 1882.

ARCADES.

MR. LOW IN HIS STUDIO IN PARIS, WHILE ENGAGED ON THE PAINTING FOR THE WALDORF HOTEL CEILING.

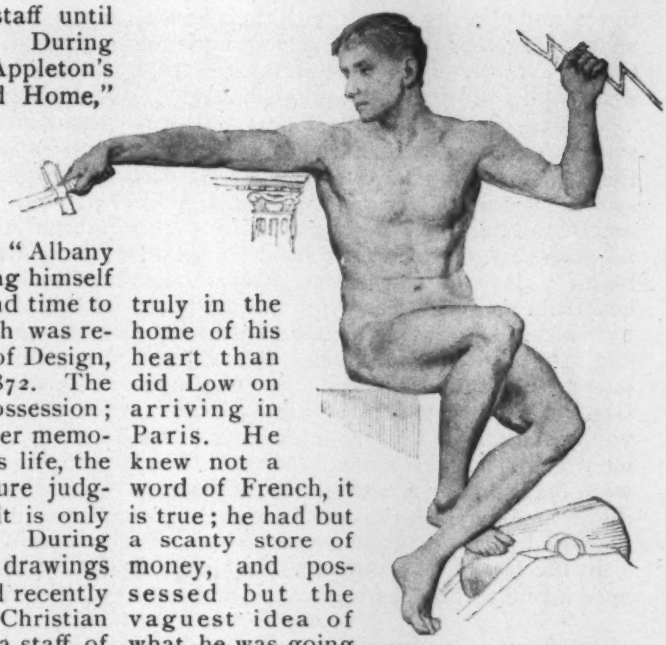
illustrated periodicals upon which he had counted failed him entirely, since in those days each magazine had its own staff of draughtsmen, who practically monopolized the whole field. Seeing no chance here, Low spent the first few weeks visiting the wood-engravers, going from one to another, and picking up such odd jobs as were offered him. He drew pictures of sewing machines, designs for advertisements, and not a few theatrical posters, one of these being a fire scene for the lurid melodrama of the "Streets of New York," of which he was rather proud.

His first step forward was made with the acceptance of one of his drawings by Mr. Parsons, the art editor of "Harper's Weekly." This was the first of a number of drawings done by Low for "Harper's Weekly," for which he continued to work occasionally,

although not attached to the staff until 1872, when he left New York. During this time he also drew for "Appleton's Journal," and the "Hearth and Home," and managed to support himself in tolerable comfort, his income being augmented by the receipt of five dollars a week which he earned by writing a weekly New York letter to the "Albany Times." In addition to supporting himself as described, Low managed to find time to paint a little picture in oils, which was received at the National Academy of Design, and shown in the exhibition of 1872. The picture is still in Mr. Low's possession; while the sight of it calls up tender memories of this difficult period in his life, the artist, viewing it now with mature judgment, is obliged to admit that it is only pardonable as a sin of his youth. During this period Low also made many drawings for the Tract Society, which had recently established the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," and which, not having a staff of draughtsmen, offered an opportunity for the younger artists.

So the time passed until the spring of 1873, which marked the second great change in Low's life, his departure for Paris. In those days, as at present, a trip to Europe meant financial resources, and of these the young artist had none; but through the kind offices of E. D. Palmer, the well-known sculptor, this matter was arranged, and two months before his twentieth birthday Low set sail for Paris.

Never did student of art find himself more truly in the home of his heart than did Low on arriving in Paris. He knew not a word of French, it is true; he had but a scanty store of money, and possessed but the vaguest idea of what he was going to do and how he was going to start; nevertheless he was buoyantly happy. He was fortunate in falling in at the very start with a group of talented artists, among whom were Gaudez the sculptor, Bastien-Lepage, Boutet de Monvel, and others who have since become famous. He entered Gérôme's *atelier* in the École des Beaux Arts. At his entrance the whole school made fierce signs at him in pantomime, opening their mouths like so many hungry



"WAR."—A FIGURE FROM A DESIGN BY MR. LOW FOR A UNITED STATES TWO-DOLLAR NOTE.

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW. OWNED BY THE HON. JOHN BOYD THACHER.

SKIPPER IRESON.

tigers, and clawing the air with their hands, while Monsieur Gérôme, seeing none of this, gravely read a letter of introduction which the young American had brought.

Low took all this in good part, and was soon quite at home in Paris, or at least in the student's quarter, where his time was spent. Before many weeks he was quite one of the band, wearing his studio blouse like the rest, and working hard for many hours a day drawing from plaster casts and from models. He soon knew almost by heart the great art monuments of the city, the Louvre, and other picture galleries, the churches, and the museums. Great days they were, and nights, that the young American now spent in these first months of his residence in Paris. They were fast making a man of him, and a very different man from the one he would have been had he never gone there.

In the fall of 1873 an important experience came to him during a visit which he made to Barbizon for a little rest and a chance to do some work out of doors. There he met the great Jean François Millet, whom Mr. Low regards now as the greatest of all modern painters, and perhaps second to none among the painters of the past. It was his good fortune to be received by Millet frequently, the great painter taking a kindly interest in the young American, and giving him occasional advice in his work. One thing Millet did at this time which undoubtedly saved Low from making a very serious blunder. It happened that during his stay at Barbizon the painter Munkacsy was there also, and for some reason paid unusual attention to young Low, and took much note of the painting he was doing. The probable reason for this was that through his natural ability, developed by the training he had received in America in creative illustration, Low possessed at this time a talent for picture-making and a power of imagination that were not frequent among the students Munkacsy was accustomed to meet. He therefore put Low down as a young man of exceptional talent, and seemed to take pleasure in giving him counsel. One day he said to Low:

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

This picture hangs in the Hillyer Art Gallery, Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

"My advice to you is to leave the Beaux Arts and not be tied down by any of the schools. Don't waste your time with masters; you have a better guide than any of them in your own talent. I never had any masters, and have never been the worse for it. My advice to you is to stay in your own studio, work from your own models, and begin to do creative paintings at once."

Of course Low was immensely flattered at being thus noticed by so great an artist, for Munkacsy was then at the height of his fame, and his words made a profound impression upon the eager young student. And Low was all the more disposed to follow

"ONE MORN BEFORE ME WERE THREE FIGURES SEEN."

From Keats's "Odes and Sonnets," illustrated by Will H. Low. Engraved from the original drawing, by the kind permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Munkacsy's advice from the fact that he found the drudgery of school work very irksome to him after the freedom of his art efforts in America. His master at the Beaux Arts insisted upon his devoting himself to monotonous drawing from casts and models, while he was impatient to begin work in color. He decided, however, before acting, to go to Millet and lay the case before him. The old man listened attentively while Low explained the situation, and then said, with that simple impressiveness, that slowness of speech which had in it something of the heaviness of the

A STUDY BY MR. LOW FOR A STAINED-GLASS DESIGN.

peasant, but which showed the great intellect behind the words:

"I don't know your Munkacsy; I find little time of late years to visit the *Salon*. I take your word for it that he is a great artist. But I think he is mistaken in the advice he gives you. Listen. What would you think of a poet who had to stop in the midst of a beautiful verse to look up a rule of grammar or the way to spell a word? I tell you that the more you study, the better work you will do. It is hard to become a great artist unless you have studied under great masters and been influenced by them."

Mr. Low followed Millet's advice, and went back to the *atelier* and the drudgery of constant drawing. He was glad to find out, later on, and at the same time surprised, that Munkacsy had not stated the facts exactly as they were in telling him that he himself had never had masters in learning to paint. Why Munkacsy gave him this strange advice, which so nearly led him into grave error, is something Mr. Low has never been able to understand. Perhaps he really believed what he said at the moment; perhaps it was only an instance of that affectation of independence, of revolt against schools, not unfrequently found among great artists.

Although Low went back to Gérôme, he did not stay with him very long, as the studio was so crowded and badly ventilated that he found his health was beginning to suffer.

What with long hours of work and bad fare at cheap restaurants, his weight had fallen to one hundred and seven pounds, and his strength was not equal to the work he had to do. So he changed to the *atelier* of Carolus Duran, where his desire to begin work in color was gratified, since Duran's theory was that an art student should begin with color almost from the start; should, as he put it, learn to draw with his brush.

As he thinks over this early period of his art work in Paris, Mr. Low admits frankly that what he did at the schools showed but mediocre promise. His studies there were rarely up to the average in excellence of those done by his fellow-students; his best work, and that which gave him his rank among his fellows, being in nearly

MR. WILL H. LOW.
From a photograph by E. S. Bennett, New York.

every instance done at home in his own little studio. And even so he was in deep discouragement with what he had done, and with his general prospects in the spring of 1875, nearly two years after his arrival in the French capital. In the first place he was perpetually worried by financial difficulties, for his original capital, upon which he had hoped to live for a very long time, had been exhausted the first half year; it was difficult to get more money, either from home or by irregular earnings from work sent to America. He managed to keep on living in Paris and working, though it was a hard struggle at times.

In the summer of 1875 a new influence came into Low's life through his marriage with a French lady, who, since those days of early struggles, has been his constant helpmeet, and whose own talent has shown itself to some degree in her translation of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," published by Plon, in Paris, in 1888, and by occasional articles on household matters in the American press. The autumn and winter of this year, therefore, found the young artist with added responsibilities, working a portion of the time at his studies in the school, and the remainder at the production of small costume pictures, which were either sold for a song to Paris dealers, or sent home to the United States, there to remain unnoticed, and seldom finding a purchaser. Under these conditions, and with the delightful absence of logic which is common to youth, Low determined to paint a large canvas for the *Salon* of 1876. The painting, when finished, the artist entitled "Reverie." It was begun only six weeks before the *Salon* opened, on a sudden inspiration, and without consultation with any one. When it had been drawn in on the canvas, Low dutifully sought his master, Carolus Duran, and asked him to come and look at the ambitious effort. Duran did so, and having stood before the canvas critically for a few moments, said:

"Do you mean to do this for the *Salon?*"

"Yes," said Low.

"Well, my friend, all I have to say is that you must be crazy. In the first place, you can't possibly finish it in time; and in the second place, even if you do finish it, it will certainly be refused. Try for the *Salon* if you will, but try something less ambitious."

MR. WILL H. LOW.

From a portrait painted by himself in 1876.

This was discouraging enough, but it did not change Low's purpose; and during those six weeks he worked unceasingly on the picture for ten hours a day. Finally he sent it to the *Salon*, and it was accepted. On varnishing day he went to look at it, and, as he stood there, Monsieur Duran joined him. After a pause Duran said: "It might be worse, but you would have done better to follow my advice."

This reception at the *Salon* gave Low greater confidence in himself, and the fol-

A DECORATION FROM KEATS'S "LAMIA," ILLUSTRATED BY WILL H. LOW.

Engraved from the original drawing, by the kind permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

lowing summer saw the production of a number of small pictures of no great importance, but which showed improvement. The next winter he began to cast about him for a subject to send to the *Salon* of 1877. It chanced that at this time Albani

A PENCIL STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT BY MR. LOW.

the great singer was in Paris at the height of her popularity, and the young American conceived the idea of painting her portrait. He was led to hope that the *prima donna* would grant him sittings, since her native city was his home, and he had known her slightly at the period when she was only a struggling music teacher.

"Why, certainly," she said at once. "I'll sit to you with pleasure; only I think you might easily find a prettier girl. You see my mouth is so big."

"Your mouth is what you sing with," said Low gallantly, "and I am sure no one could wish it changed in any way."

So it was arranged; and regularly during the succeeding weeks the *prima donna* journeyed across the Seine three or four miles, through the student's quarter, to Low's studio. The portrait was an immense affair, fully eight feet high with the frame, the *prima donna* being painted at full length, in the costume of the heroine of the opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor." In due time it was sent to the *Salon* and accepted.

In addition to this portrait Low had another picture exhibited in the *Salon* of 1877, a landscape showing peasants crossing the fields near Barbizon on their way to church, and entitled, "Le jour des morts" (All Souls' Day).

It was during Low's second year in Paris, late in 1874, that he first met Robert Louis Stevenson, who was then a young man of twenty-four. For some months Low had been intimate with Stevenson's cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, now a well-known writer on art, who then—more familiarly known as "Bob" Stevenson—was living in Paris. "If Louis Stevenson was the most wonderful talker in the world,

A CRAYON STUDY FOR A DECORATION BY MR. LOW.

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW. OWNED BY THE ALBANY CLUB, ALBANY, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF ALBANI.

A WATER-COLOR STUDY—PART OF A DESIGN BY MR. LOW FOR A UNITED STATES ONE-DOLLAR SILVER CERTIFICATE.

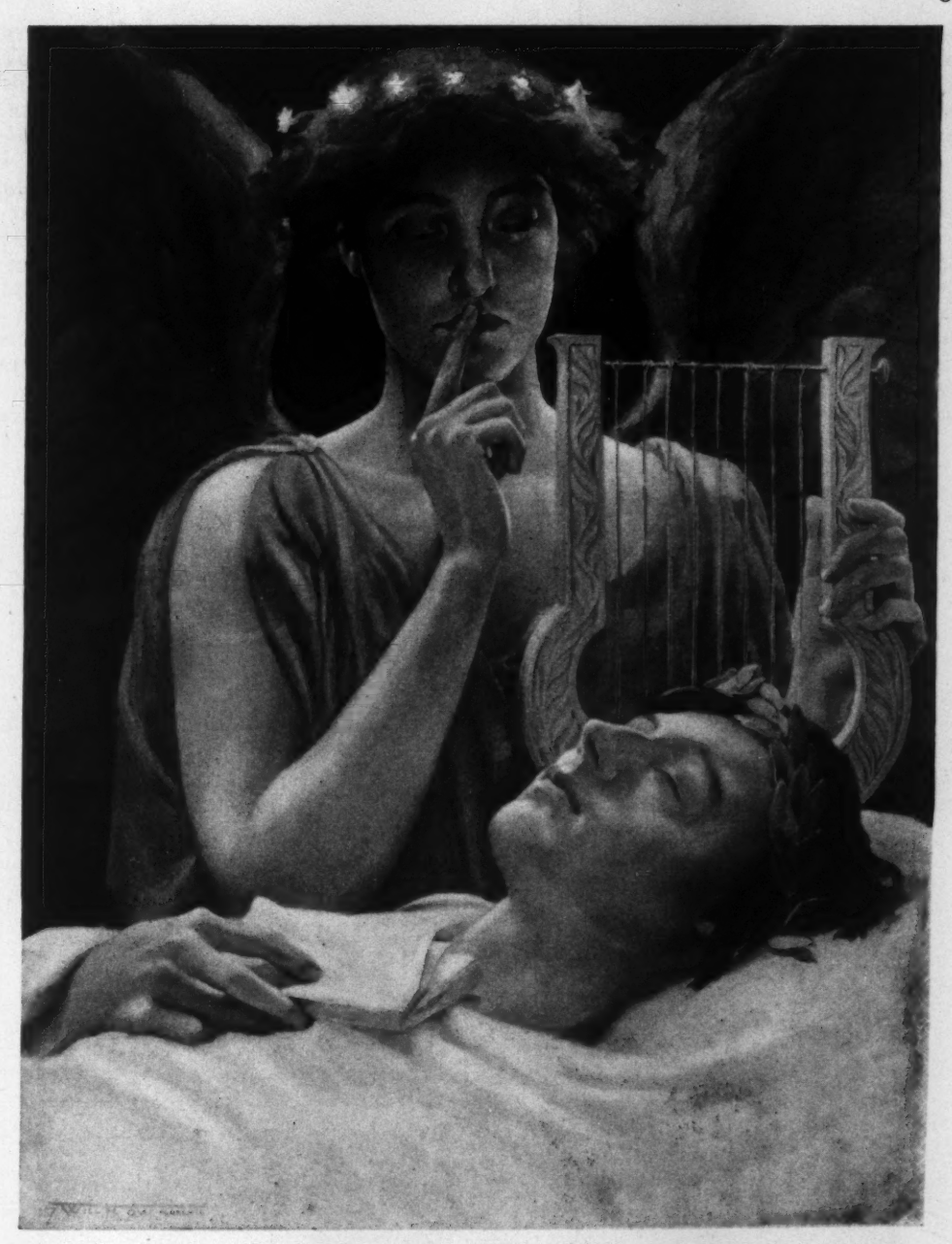
as he certainly was," says Mr. Low, "then certainly 'Bob' Stevenson was only second to him. He was and is one of the most delightful fellows I have ever known."

It was through "Bob" Stevenson that Low met Louis, and he will always remember the day when they went together to the station to meet the cousin. They immediately adjourned to a little *café*, where the three were soon deep in a discussion about Balzac, whom they were all reading with enthusiasm in those days.

During the next two years Stevenson made frequent visits to Paris, although he did not usually stay more than a few weeks at a time. He generally put up at a little hotel on the Rue Racine, in a quaint old building, which has since been changed into some sort of a laboratory in connection with the medical school. Here he used to write irregular articles for a periodical called "London," now defunct, and Low remembers well seeing him in his shabby but sufficient quarters, with his feet cocked up on the table, grinding out copy industriously. One of these articles Low remembers as expressing the Stevensonian philosophy of those days. It was on the Paris Bourse, which Stevenson had just visited, and with the workings of which he had been much impressed. It would be interesting, indeed, to find this article, the conclusion of which was somewhat like this: "It costs, say, one hundred thousand francs for a man to buy a place in this Temple of Money. One hundred thousand francs at interest in the three per cents would bring in an income of, say, three thousand francs. With three thousand francs a year a man could have a little home somewhere in the country, by a rippling river, and sit in the shade all day, and fish and think. Instead of that, these money grubbers prefer to live in a

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW. OWNED BY J. M. LICHTENAUER, NEW YORK.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.



THE LAST SONNET.

From Keats's "Odes and Sonnets," illustrated by Will H. Low. Engraved from the original drawing, by the kind permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

babel of tongues and almost tear each other to pieces like so many wolves!"

These are not the words Stevenson used, but substantially the idea as Low recalls it. He remembers that even at this time, before any hint of fame or recognition had come to Stevenson, he thought of him as the best exemplification of genius of which he could conceive; and he believes that had Stevenson died then, or never accomplished anything in his life, he would always have regarded him as a great and wonderful personality, with the same feeling that he thinks of him to-day, even with all his glory. Mr. Low says that young Stevenson exercised over himself and all the others of their circle the strangest kind of magnetic power; they all felt, as he did,

that they were in the presence of an intellect far beyond them. There was something akin to worship in the feeling entertained by them for Stevenson, and yet Low admits that he and Louis were always quarrelling on all possible subjects; they loved each other, and yet they argued and fought continually.

Many were the adventures these young men enjoyed together in Paris, adventures some of which have been recalled in Stevenson's story, "The Wrecker." Valuable additions they would make to our knowledge of Stevenson's life, would Mr. Low consent to make them public. Perhaps he will some day.

In the winter of 1877–78 Low returned to America. He had spent five years in Paris preparing himself to be a painter; he had worked hard under good masters; he had proved himself a man of talent and unusual promise. Bitter, then, was his disappointment, after establishing himself in New York, to find that as far as making a living went all that he had done was valueless. There was no market in America for his pictures; nobody wanted his work or seemed to care whether he lived or died. He found himself face to face with what was and is a discouraging truth, that the American public are slow to buy American pictures or patron-

MR. LOW IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO.

FIRST STUDIES IN CHARCOAL FOR TWO OF TWENTY-FOUR FIGURES DESIGNED BY MR. LOW FOR THE WINDOWS OF ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

ize American artists. He found that New York picture dealers were ill disposed to handle the works of native artists on any terms, their reluctance to do so being much greater at the time of his return than it is at present, for in this respect there has been a marked improvement in the last ten years. But if New York offered little in the way of material encouragement, in other ways the young artist found it most interesting. He returned to find in the limited circle which interested itself in art, with a languid, platonic interest, it is true, something bordering on

a state of war. Some inkling of this tempest in a teapot had come to his knowledge in Paris, in the spring of 1877.

To the National Academy exhibition of that year Low had sent his "Reverie," which, as we have seen, was his *Salon* picture of the previous year. By a curious coincidence a number of other men of about his age, and, like him, studying abroad, in Paris and Munich, had sent to the same exhibition pictures which, like the "Reverie," were more or less large in size and ambitious in motive. When the Academy opened, therefore, the most prominent pictures were those by Walter Shirlaw, Wyatt Eaton, Frank Duveneck, J. Alden Weir, William M. Chase, and Low. Moreover, the Hanging Committee had welcomed the new comers by placing their pictures in good positions. The Academy, however, was, in the person of its more conservative members, scandalized beyond measure by the presence of the new pictures, and by the new methods of the younger men. Before the formal opening of the exhibition it was gravely proposed that the work of the Hanging Committee should be undone and a new arrangement of the pictures made; but as the members of the committee were men of strong convictions, and courageous withal, they stood upon the rights granted them by the constitution of the Academy, and refused to listen to such a proposition. From the internal dissension the quarrel took a wider flight, and for once the press of New York took a genuine interest in a question of art.

In the interval between this and the exhibition of the next year there was much discussion in the two differing camps which were promptly formed. Nothing but the extinction of one or other of the rival "schools" seems to have been considered. The younger men heard rumors that their works would either be rejected outright or "skied" at the next exhibition. This was the state of affairs which Mr. Low found. The younger painters had formed a new association which took the name of the Society of American Artists, and of this society Mr. Low became a member.

The first exhibition of the new society was held in the Kurtz Gallery on Madison Square, and elicited great interest as marking a step forward in home art. The Academy, some of whose members were active in the membership of the new society as a protest against conservatism in their own body, did not carry out the implied threats against the younger men, but, on the whole, treated with fairness the few men of the younger school who sent work to the Academy exhibition. To-day, from the vantage ground of membership in the National Academy, which he shares in common with many of the ringleaders in the revolt of 1877, he having been made National Academician in 1891, Mr. Low looks back on this period of storm and stress without any lessening of the warm interest which the society has always inspired. The two institutions in their present friendly rivalry embody all the benefits of competition.

Of course Mr. Low was represented at the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and his contribution, which was the portrait of Albani already mentioned, was noticed by the critics not wholly unfavorably.

At this point in our conversation I ventured the delicate question whether American artists actually have the talent possessed by their more appreciated rivals abroad.

"That depends," said Mr. Low, "on whether they really are artists, or are merely posing as such, and also on whether they have had a fair chance to develop their talents. It is a curious thing that, in spite of the lack of appreciation of which I have spoken, there is in America at present a marked tendency to unduly encourage young men and young women to adopt the artistic career, and to offer them unwise inducements for so doing. Art scholarships, for instance, are being founded all over the country, and it is becoming a fad with people of wealth to send *protégés* abroad for a course of art study. At present there are in Paris alone fifteen hundred American art students, all looking forward to fame, no doubt. Of this number probably one-half will give up entirely after a few years, while of the remainder three-fourths will never come into prominence. Is it any wonder that American artists, if you include all who so style themselves, compare unfavorably with those of Europe, where genuine talent, and not fashion or caprice, determines the choice of an artist's life?"

"But," I asked, "is it not true that foreign masters find American art students impatient of the drudgery of preparation, and disposed to sacrifice thoroughness to their desire for quick results?"

"There may be some truth in that charge, but think of the difficulties that confront the average American art student in Paris or elsewhere in Europe. His parents are disgusted if there are not some great re-

sults at the end of two or three years. European parents, knowing more about art, are more reasonable. What is really necessary in America is the founding of scholarships for the instruction of American parents in art matters."

I asked Mr. Low if he saw brighter promise for American artists in the future, and his answer was decidedly in the affirmative.

"Yes," he said, "I have no doubt that better days are coming. The American artists of the present are the pioneers in a movement for uplifting the general standards and educating the public, that cannot fail to grow stronger with each succeeding decade. It is because of our confidence in the ultimate triumph of American art that so many of us remain here and do what we can to help the cause along, instead of going abroad to live, where we would find greater reputation, which would have a reflective effect here at home, and more congenial surroundings. At the present moment, for instance, I myself am a member of no less than eight committees that have some bearing on art. We all give much of our time to work of this sort, which is purely a labor of love; we do it from a sense of patriotism, and because we have at heart the development of art interests in the United States.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

From a memorial window at Rock Creek, Washington, painted by Mr. Low for the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard.

"You see, we Americans are distinctly a utilitarian race, and the only way art will ever flourish here is by its becoming necessary to the people. The awakening of a general taste for the beautiful is already showing itself in various ways. People have at last come to feel the need of art in architecture, and it is a splendid thing now to be an American architect. The doom of the box-like brownstone house has been sounded, and the artists who have learned to design beautiful buildings have the widest scope for their talents.

"Quick in the steps of this development of architecture has come a general appreciation of the necessity of decorative sculpture to adorn these fine buildings. This tendency has increased to a marked degree in the last five years, until now no important residence or imposing office-building is put up without a generous appropriation for such decoration. The demand that is springing up that splendid buildings like the Boston Public Library, the Washington Congressional Library, and our more important hotels, like the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, or the Waldorf in New York, should be decorated by American artists of repute, is indeed a hopeful sign.

"In the same way that the architect and the sculptor have found their chance, I think the painter will soon find his. The

general demand will come first in this same utilitarian way, through the desire to make our homes more beautiful. Once the people have grasped the idea that the strictly necessary is not enough for the glory of a great nation,—and there is no limit to the extension of this great art principle, once it is admitted,—bare ceilings and papered walls will no longer suffice, but thousands of families will require in their houses painted ceilings, mural decorations, and stained-glass windows, such as are common in artistic homes abroad. I look for great things in stained glass, and a wide opportunity for our painters; for it is a fact that in stained glass we have, following the lead of John La Farge, produced work which is unequalled anywhere in the world."

"Why is it, that, desiring to exercise wide influence by your work, you paint the nude so much?" was my next question.

"First, from a sheer love of beauty; and then, paradoxical as it may seem, from a desire to be, above all, American in my art. I have a friend, a painter, who was wont to declare that there were but three things worth painting—'women, babies, and flowers.' In the same line of thought, from a desire to paint that which is best worth painting, I have been led to depict the nude. Then the process of reasoning which has made me shun the portrayal of our women or men in tailor-made garments, copied from London or Paris designs, or our surroundings, which are equally imitated from foreign models, has led me back to classic sources for my subjects. If you desire a third reason, a solicitude for the establishment of a school of painting (which can never exist without a certain number of men who, by painting the nude, keep up the technical standard) suffices; and, as I have already said, since nearly all painting here presupposes considerable self-sacrifice on the part of the producer, it is worth while to make one's effort in the direction of the greatest good for art."

Let me now come back to my story of Mr. Low's experiences on his return to America. He practically had to begin his art life over again, and go back to very much the same struggle for existence that he had known when he first came to New York from Albany, before he had profited by his education in Paris. Finding the picture field hard closed against him, he joined of necessity the company of trained painters that has been steadily increasing in New York, men who are forced to devote themselves to illustrating for the magazines and weeklies, when by right of talent and preparation they should be painting. Irregular work of this sort Low did, with some book illustrations, children's schoolbooks, Longfellow's poems, and such other work as he could get, and in deep discouragement managed somehow to get along. An artist friend of his, who was then leading this same life, signed a sketch done the following winter "'78, *L'Année Terrible*," in memory of these woful times. And the dawn of brighter things was distant still!

The following year he spent at Nantucket, supporting himself by illustration while doing a large painting of an American subject, one quite at variance with the decorative character of work for which he most cared, but undertaken by the advice of friends, with a sincere desire to test the alleged interest in home subjects. On his return to New York he entered the employ of John La Farge, with whom he did decorative painting, and acquired his first notions of stained glass. A year or so was spent in this way, a portion of the time being taken up with decorations for the Cornelius Vanderbilt house.

In 1881 Low exhibited at the Society of American Artists his Nantucket painting, entitled, "Skipper Ireson's Ride," the subject being taken from one of Whittier's poems. In spite of the great effort he had made in painting this picture and his relative success, it attracted but little attention, and made Low understand that although certain critics are always censuring American artists for not seeking their inspiration in American scenes or American history, the general public does not care very much for such pictures. It is also a fact that this new, busy country does not lend itself as well to artistic treatment as do some foreign lands.

Discouraged by the small success of this painting, Low went back of necessity to his work of illustrating for the periodicals, earning his living, it is true, but doing so in a perfunctory, half-hearted way, saddened to see how different was the reality of his art life in New York from what he had pictured it in the studios of Paris. Of great help to him, however, was the position, accepted about this time, of teacher in the antique and life classes of the Women's Art School of Cooper Union. For three years, 1883–85, Mr. Low taught these classes, and seconded by the able principal of the school, Mrs. Susan N. Carter, was able to form the first class in painting from life which the school had, as well

as to establish a life class for the figure, the work in this kind having previously been limited to a portrait class.

Thus four years passed away, and 1885 had come before Low made his first decided hit. The J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia had recognized his talent, and given him a commission to illustrate the "Lamia" of Keats. This Low did with all his heart, the work coming out in 1885 in a large quarto volume, with thirty-six illustrations. The success of the work was so great, both in America and England, that the artist was immediately commissioned by the Lippincotts to do the "Odes and Sonnets" of Keats in the same way. So generous were the terms offered him by the publishers for this work that he decided to execute it in Europe, and in the summer of 1886, after an absence of nearly ten years, he returned with his wife to Paris, where they took a charming little hotel and studio on the Rue Vernier. This hotel was not only delightful in its surroundings, with courtyard and garden, but within it was a real museum of art, being the property of Émile Bergerat, the well-known art critic, who had filled the house with rare and beautiful pictures and objects of art, all of which were left there along with the furniture.

Here Low settled down to a delightful period of work, devoting himself entirely to the "Odes and Sonnets," which occupied him a year. The work was finished in Florence, where he went for a few months, early in 1887. It is a remarkable thing that, although he put forth a greater effort on this second work, and spent a much longer time in doing less than half as many illustrations—an effort which, according to the critical reviews, was crowned with artistic success—the "Odes and Sonnets" never won the popular favor enjoyed by the "Lamia." Nevertheless Mr. Low has always regarded the illustrations of the "Odes and Sonnets" as superior, at least in execution, to those of the "Lamia."

A CRAYON STUDY BY WILL H. LOW.

The first thing Low did after finding himself so pleasantly established on the Rue Vernier, was to write to his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, who was then in Bournemouth, inviting him to make him a visit and renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his youth. Stevenson promptly accepted, and a week or so later he and

his wife were members of the household on the Rue Vernier. Grand times they had for the few weeks the visit lasted, these two friends brought together again after a separation of nine years. Low found Stevenson little changed by the lapse of time, the same wonderful, lovable man he had always been.

It was while Stevenson was at Low's house in Paris that he learned through a French paper of the memorable night when Gladstone came in very weary from the House of Commons, and, instead of going to bed, sat up until morning, literally devouring "Treasure Island." This incident had given the book a great vogue, and added to its well-deserved popularity. Most authors would have felt complimented by such a tribute to their powers, but not so Stevenson. The question of politics came between. He had always been opposed to Gladstone; and, loyal to his colors, he deplored that he should be under even a remote obligation to the Liberal leader. Low used to tease him about his friend Gladstone and the way in which he had "boomed" "Treasure Island;" whereupon Stevenson, shaking a long forefinger at him, would prophesy for him the most direful fate.

It is rare for two friends of boyhood to meet after long separation, "with more than the old affection," as Stevenson phrased it in a letter some time afterwards, but these two friends were happy in that experience. Everything, in fact, was propitious. Stevenson's health, which had been worse than usual that spring, recovered somewhat under the sunny sky of Paris; and some of his London friends, among them William E. Henley, the poet and critic, were there, on holiday pleasures bent. Stevenson and Low made through Henley the acquaintance of Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, and one of the party remembers keenly a *déjeuner* at the restaurant Laperouse, on the Quai des Grands Augustins, where, in lively talk, the four sat until the sculptor, rising, apologized for leaving so pleasant a company, as he had a sitter coming for a portrait bust that afternoon at two, it being at the time about five.

One of Stevenson's great delights at this time, and, indeed, throughout his life, was the reading of sensational novels. He skimmed through quantities of them while in Paris, and having finished a new one would invariably present it to Low with the grave remark: "Allow me to make you a present of a book that has given me great pleasure in the perusal."

It was in one of their talks at this time that Stevenson explained to Low why he never treated of women in his own writings.

"I do not care," he said in substance, "to present women in the stereotyped way, and if I attempted to do so, I should have no better success than the ordinary writer. On the other hand, I cannot present women in the way I should like to do, for if I did, my readers would not stand it. Therefore I have thought it best to leave them out of my books entirely."

Since his return to New York, in 1887, Mr. Low has done very little work in illustration, one of the few things being drawings for "A Sea Change," a poem by Stedman that appeared in the "Century." He has continued to do considerable painting for stained-glass windows, his work going to various churches in the large cities; and he has been able to devote much of his time to painting. In 1889 his picture "Love Disarmed" gained great success, and was purchased by Gardiner G. Hubbard, in whose collection it is now. In 1892 he was commissioned by the Hotel Waldorf to paint a great ceiling for the ladies' reception room of the hotel, a canvas being required for this that was thirty-four feet long and twenty-six feet wide. To execute this commission Low decided to make another visit to Paris, where he took a studio at Neuilly and devoted himself assiduously to the work for six months. Indeed, it was necessary for him to work hard, since with our American hurrying ways the contract required the completion of the painting by the end of November, and Low only began work upon it in May.

Immediately on his return from Paris, he was commissioned by the committee of the World's Fair to design the Diploma of Awards which accompanies the medals. From every side work was thrust upon him now, on the well-established principle that to him who has shall be given.

The direction of Mr. Low's work has remained essentially the same; and while awaiting the happy day which will give to him and to those capable of imaginative work great wall spaces to cover with subjects conceived in sympathy with their architectural surroundings, embodying ideas that shall be typical of our race and our country—a day which he firmly believes to be near at hand—Mr. Low busies himself with pictures which are decorative in character. "The Portrait," now owned by William T. Evans, which depicts the

"ON THE HIGH COUCH HE LAY!"

From Keats's "Lamia," illustrated by Will H. Low. Engraved from the original drawing, by the kind permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

potter's daughter tracing the outline of the shadow of her lover; "Dolce far niente," owned by J. M. Lichtenauer; and the "Beautiful Book" (owned by Mrs. F. O. Norton), representing the angel of T. B. Aldrich's beautiful legendary poem, are some of the many pictures painted of late years by Mr. Low. The "Aurora," which was exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1894, has found a permanent resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In decorative design Mr. Low has but recently completed a design for the United States Government for a one-dollar note which will undoubtedly, when it is issued, prove one of the most desirable of his works and give a new zest to collectors.

This record would be incomplete if it ignored Mr. Low's relations with his pupils. In addition to his experience as a teacher in Cooper Union, already noted, he had under his direction from 1889 to 1892 the men's and women's day life classes at the schools of the Academy of Design. In regard to teaching, Mr. Low said that when the pupils were possessed of the artistic temperament it was as stimulating to the master as it was beneficial to the pupil. Unfortunately the schools are crowded with pupils of little or no promise. As to the relation of master to intelligent, artistically gifted pupils, Mr. Low counts it a privilege to have about him a number of young men and women who, without any formal class organization, bring their work to him; and his greater experience is always at their service. The winner of the Lazarus prize—a prize given under the auspices of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which enables an advanced student, a young artist at the outset of his career, to live for two years with a sufficient income to pay for models and studio expenses and show by his work what he is capable of doing—was a pupil in Mr. Low's class at the Academy, and was afterwards with him, helping in decorative work, for about a year. There are a number of others, both young men and women, of whom Mr. Low speaks in enthusiastic terms, and with whom his relations are, as he expresses it, "mutually helpful."

Mr. Low has met with considerable success of late years in writing for the magazines, mostly on art subjects. His first

attempt at literary work was due to the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson, who had written for "Scribner's," in 1887, an article that dealt rather severely with artists in general, disposing of them in an off-hand way as of not much use to the world. This view was due partly to Stevenson's ill health and general depression; for the paper was written just after Low had taken him, at his own request, away from the Adirondacks, and found him a place down in New Jersey where he could have a boat and be let alone. The article also represented a conviction, which formed itself more and more in Stevenson's mind during his later years, that the only life worth living was one of action and material achievement. "'David Balfour' is a nice little book," he once wrote to Low from Samoa. "It is artistic enough, and all that, but it will not do for the top notch of a man's ambition. It should have been the result of a man's spare hours." Here again I am not quoting verbatim.

With the conclusions of "Letter to a Young Gentleman about to embrace the career of art," Low disagreed completely. Stevenson read it to him as he wrote, but in spite of arguments and pleadings obstinately refused to change a word of it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, though," he finally said to Low; "when 'Scribner's' prints this article you may express your view of the subject and have it follow mine in the same number."

Rather abashed at the idea of making his *début* in literature as an opponent of so formidable a writer, Low nevertheless felt so deeply about what Stevenson had written that he decided to take up the challenge, and actually wrote a rejoinder, which appeared as Stevenson had arranged. So pleased were the editors with what he had produced, that invitations came to him for other articles; and in the past few years his name has been seen frequently in the important periodicals.

I do not think I can close this article in any better way than by quoting the beautiful poem written by Stevenson to his friend Low, in acknowledgment of his dedication of the drawings for "Lamia" to him, which has been reproduced by St. Gaudens on the bas relief of the novelist, already referred to:

TO WILL H. LOW.

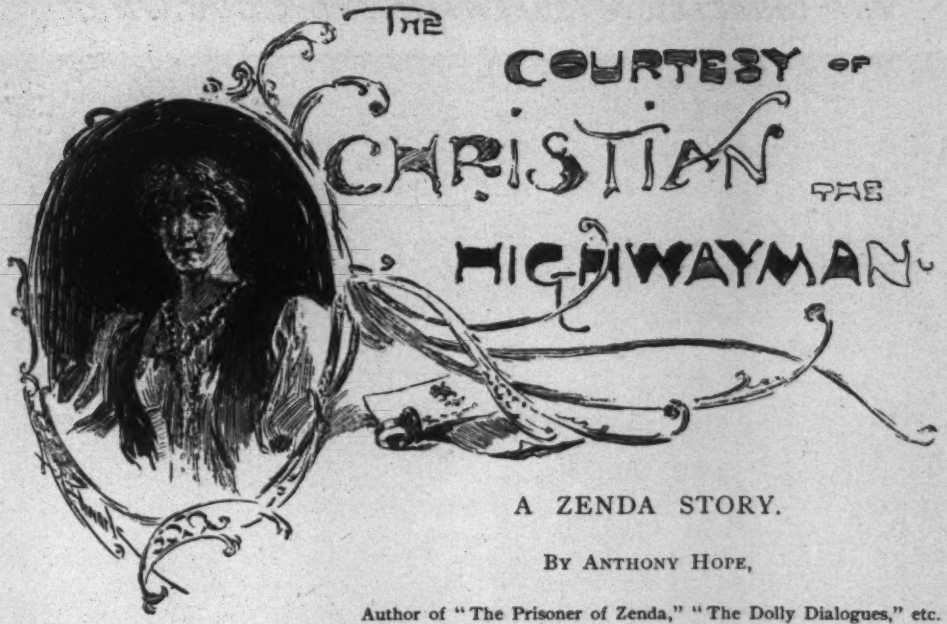
YOUTH now flees on feathered foot,
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods; and still,
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace
None can choose to stay at home,
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty: she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun and breaks the blue;—
Late with stooping pinion flew
Raking hedgerow trees, and wet
Her wing in silver streams, and set
Shining foot on temple roof:
Now again she flies aloof,
Coasting mountain clouds and kiss'd
By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane,
Still we pant and pound in vain;
Still with leaden foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;
Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone!
Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over; life was gay:
We have come the primrose way.

—"SHE, AS WELL
AS HER WEAK HAND COULD ANY MEANING TELL,
MOTIONED HIM TO BE SILENT."

From Keats's "Lamia," illustrated by Will H. Low. Engraved from the original drawing, by the kind permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.



A ZENDA STORY.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

"The Courtesy of Christian the Highwayman" is the second of a series of six short stories by Anthony Hope, each complete in itself, the heroine of which is the Princess Osra (the "Princess of Zenda"). In these stories Anthony Hope returns to the scenes of his great triumph, "The Prisoner of Zenda." The editors promise that readers of that famous book will not be disappointed in this series. The first of the series, "The Happiness of Stephen the Smith," appeared in the August number. The next will appear in the October number, and is entitled "The Crime of Count Nicholas of Festenburg." The six numbers (August, 1895–January, 1896) containing these six stories will be mailed to any address for fifty cents.

I.

"I AM tired of men," cried Princess Osra, "and of suitors, and of princes. I will go to Zenda and ride in the forest all alone."

"You will meet men even there," said the king.

"How do you know that, sire?" she asked with a smile.

"At least I have found it impossible to avoid meeting women anywhere."

"I do not think it is the same thing," observed Osra, smiling again.

The king said no more, but let her go her own way; and to Zenda she went, and rode in the forest all alone, meeting for many days no man at all, though perhaps she thought a little of those whom she had met and (who can tell?) now and then of one whom she should some day meet. For the mind loves to entertain itself with such idle musings, and they are hardly conscious till a sudden smile or a beat of the heart betrays them to the abashed thinker. Just in this manner a flush had chanced to rise to Osra's cheek one day as she rode in a reverie, being above ten miles from the castle, and on the very edge of the kingdom's frontier, which skirts the extremity of the forest on the west. And breaking her thoughts off, half ashamed of them, she looked up and saw a very fine and powerful horse tethered to a tree a few yards away, saddled and bridled. Then she said to herself with a sigh: "Alas, here is a man, as my brother said!" And she shook her head very sorrowfully.

The next instant she saw, as she had foreboded, a man approaching her; and the matter was as bad as could be, for he was young and handsome, finely dressed, carrying a good sword by his side, and a brace of pistols mounted in silver in his belt. And he held a feathered hat in his hand, and, advancing with a deep bow, knelt on one knee by the princess's horse, saying: "Madam, if you will, you can do me a great service."

"If it be in my power, sir," she answered —for since fate impelled her to meet a man, she would not show him rudeness— "I am at your service."

"You see my horse there, madam? He

is as dear as my life to me, and I fear I shall lose him unless I have your aid"; and he rose and stood looking at the princess.

"Why, what threatens him?" she asked.

"I will tell you, madam. I come from across the frontier, from a secluded village nearly ten miles from here. There I live with my mother, whom I support. There is a rich fellow there, a farmer, Otho by name, who is, saving your presence, a plaguy boastful fellow. And he is to-day betrothed."

"And do you also love the lady, sir?" asked Osra, thinking she had come at the cause of his trouble.

"Not I, madam. But this Otho boasted and vaunted so intolerably of her beauty and of his own prowess and attraction, that last night I, led away by emulation (nay, I am ashamed to say that I had also drunk a flask of wine), wagered with him my horse against a thousand crowns—though the horse is worth two thousand—that I would bring with me to the feast a girl handsomer than his Lotta. And now it is ten o'clock, and the feast is at one o'clock, and I have no girl to show, ugly or handsome. And if I lose my horse I must hang myself, for I cannot live without him."

"You cannot live without your horse?" she asked in surprise.

"At least, madam," he answered in some confusion, "his loss would go near to breaking my heart."

"But is this Lotta so handsome that you can find none to surpass her?"

"She is indeed wonderfully handsome. They call her in the village the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Then, sir, it seems to me that your wager was most rash and improvident. For you are certain to lose it."

"Alas! yes," he answered, in great distress, "I am certain to lose; for there are, I think, only two ladies in the world who could save me, and one would not."

"Two ladies? Who are they?"

"Madam," said he, "before you came in sight, I sat desolate and despairing on the ground; and what I said to myself was, 'If what men say is true, there is only one lady who could save me. But how shall I, poor Christian Hantz, come at the Princess Osra? And would she go with me, and put on a country girl's dress, and go to the feast with me? Alas, it is impossible! And there is no other lady in the world beautiful enough!' But then——"

"Well, sir, what then?" asked Osra, playing with her whip, and smothering a smile.

"Then, madam," said Christian, "I looked up, and I saw you, and I cried, 'A fig for the Princess Osra! For here is a lady more beautiful than all they tell me of Princess Osra; I will throw myself at her feet, and pray her in pity to help me.'"

Still Osra hid her smile, and so busy was she with this task that she did not perceive that Christian also hid a smile; but she thought that he did not know her, whereas he had seen her several times, and had this day tracked her in the forest, knowing that she was accustomed to ride there.

"But where," she asked, "would the lady who went with you get the dress you speak of?"

"At my mother's cottage, madam, where my mother would wait on her."

"And when could she be back at this spot?"

"By five in the afternoon, madam. I would myself escort her."

"And why, sir, should she rescue you from the straits to which your folly has led you?"

"Alas, madam, for no reason, unless, by a divine miracle, she could prove as kind as she is beautiful."

"You have a rash tongue, sir, in other matters than the making of wagers." And she looked at him, for she was very sorely tempted to do what he prayed of her, and she said:

"Has the Princess Osra ever ridden through your village?"

"Never, madam."

"But some one there may know her face, and then they will think nothing of mine."

"It is unlikely that any one there should have seen a picture of her; for they are quiet folk and do not go abroad."

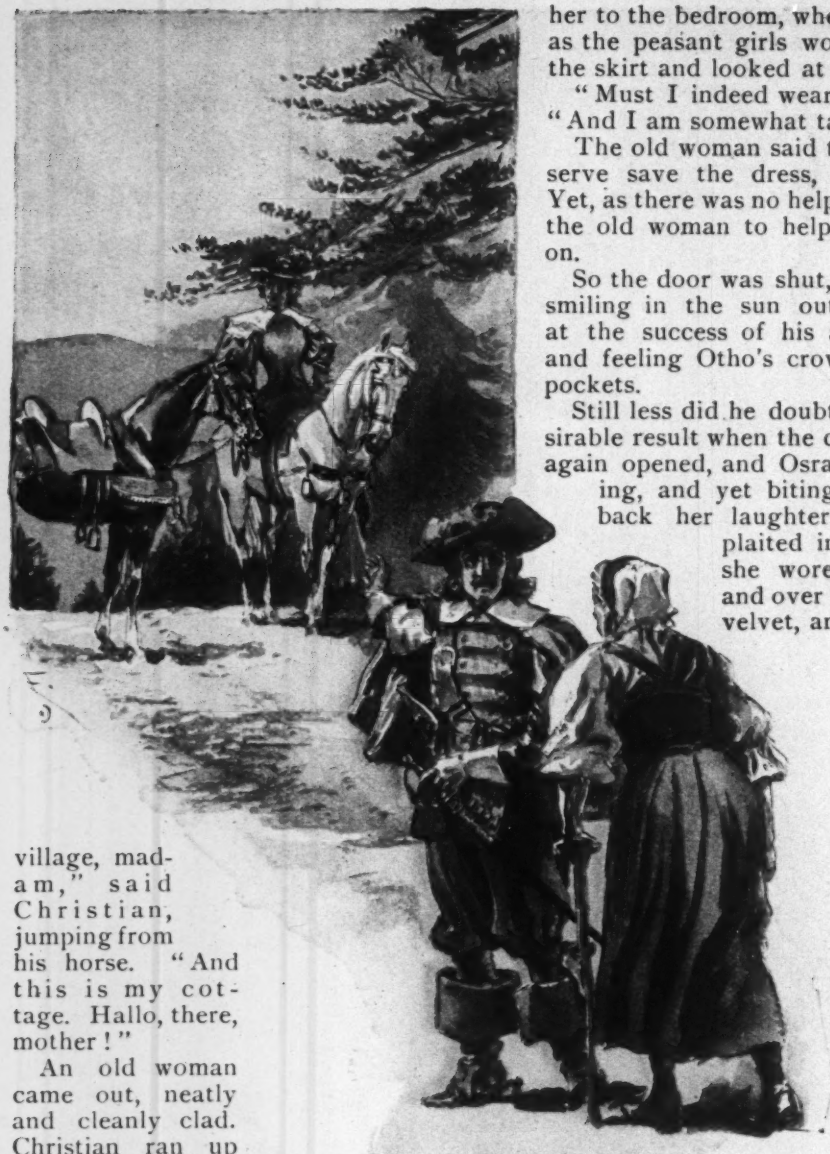
"Besides, in a peasant's dress—" began Osra meditatively. But she stopped, blushing and laughing. And Christian caught her hand and kissed it, crying: "For heaven's sake, come, madam!" And he was so earnest, and his earnestness so became his bronzed face and bright eyes, that Osra could not deny him; but she swore him to secrecy, and agreed to ride with him, blaming herself all the while very greatly, and blaming yet more that fate which would not allow her to be quit of the troublesome race of men, even in the recesses of the forest of Zenda.

Turning their horses, therefore, towards the frontier, they set them at a smart canter, for there was little time to lose if

"MADAM, IF YOU WILL, YOU CAN DO ME A GREAT SERVICE."

they were to come to the feast by one o'clock; and shortly before noon, having struck a by-path through the trees, they came on a small cottage that stood apart and by itself, and a hill rose from it.

"On the other side of the hill lies the



"CHRISTIAN . . . SPOKE TO HER BRIEFLY."

village, madam," said Christian, jumping from his horse. "And this is my cottage. Hallo, there, mother!"

An old woman came out, neatly and cleanly clad. Christian ran up to her, spoke to her briefly, and brought her to Osra. The worthy dame, bewildered by the appearance and stately air of the princess, did nothing but courtesy and murmur incoherent thanks; but Osra, now caught by the excitement of the enterprise, clapped her hands, crying: "Quick, quick, or we shall be too late!" So Christian lifted her down and led away the horses to a shed behind the cottage. But the old woman led Osra in and took her to the bedroom, where lay a dress such as the peasant girls wore. Osra took up the skirt and looked at it curiously.

"Must I indeed wear this?" she asked. "And I am somewhat tall, mother."

The old woman said that nothing would serve save the dress, and Osra sighed. Yet, as there was no help for it, she suffered the old woman to help her in getting it on.

So the door was shut, and Christian sat smiling in the sun outside, well pleased at the success of his audacious scheme, and feeling Otho's crowns already in his pockets.

Still less did he doubt of this most desirable result when the door of the cottage again opened, and Osra came out, blushing, and yet biting her lips to keep back her laughter. Her hair was plaited in two long plaits; she wore a white bodice, and over it a jacket of black velvet, and a red skirt hung full from her waist to but a very little below her knee; then came hose, of red also—for it was a holiday, and the best of all were worn—and stout, square-toed shoes. And Osra in her heart loved all except the shoes, yet she declared that she loathed all except the shoes. And Christian, with eyes cast more demurely on the ground, prayed her to forgive the sad necessity, yet assured her that Lotta would die of envy that very day.

"Let us go, then," said Osra. "For the sooner we go, the sooner will it be done, and I can get rid of these ridiculous clothes. Heaven have mercy on me, and grant that I may meet no one who knows me!"

They were mounting the hill now, the old woman standing at the cottage door and watching. When they reached the top, Osra saw a small village nestling in the valley below, and the sound of music caught her ear. At this a sudden fear seized her, and, putting out her hand, she caught Christian by the sleeve, saying, "Will they know me?"

"Not they, madam," said he. But, as he spoke, his eyes fell on a ring that the princess wore, a gem engraved with the royal arms. "Not they," said he, "if you conceal that ring"; and for a moment he looked in her face, and he smiled.

Osra gave a little cry as she hastily plucked the ring from her finger and gave it to him, saying:

"Keep it safe, and do not forget to give it me again." But she would not meet his glance, for she began from now to suspect that he knew who she was.

The sound of music came from a solid, square-built house that stood on the outskirts of the village, and, coming near, they saw a long table spread in the shade near the house, and a company of men and women seated at it. The princess was somewhat comforted to find that the girls' dresses were in all respects like her own, though hers seemed newer and more handsome; therefore she took courage, and put her arm inside Christian's arm, saying: "Since I have accepted the part, I will play it. Come, sir, let us go and challenge Lotta. Your horse is at stake."

"He is in no danger," said Christian, "and I am worth a thousand crowns." And his eyes most plainly added the reason which led him to these comfortable conclusions.

Now, at this moment, Otho, having toasted the company and accepted their good wishes, was standing up before them all, Lotta standing by him, her hand in his, and he vowed (as was but right) all manner of love and devotion to her, and declared that she was the prettiest girl in the world. And in truth she was very pretty, being, although low of stature, most admirably formed, having golden hair, the pinkest of cheeks, and large blue eyes that followed a man about in a most appealing and distracting manner; so that Otho had good reason to be content, and would have come to no harm had it not been for that old extravagance of lovers which will not allow this world to hold more than one pretty girl—the truth being, of course, quite otherwise. But, led on by this infatuation, Otho cried:

"I dare any man to find so pretty a girl! As for Master Christian, whose wager you heard, why, this evening his fine horse shall feed in my stable!"

"Softly, friend Otho, softly," came to the ears of the feasters, from beyond the

"CHRISTIAN, WITH A MOCKING LIFT OF HIS HAT, CAME FORWARD."

trees. "Mistress Lotta is very pretty, but I have here a girl whom some think handsomer. Well, this worthy company shall judge." And Christian came from the shelter of the trees, leading Osra by the hand, and he set her opposite to Lotta, where all could see her. And all looked and beheld her with amazement. But none spoke. So they rested for a long while, Christian smiling, and Osra's eyes being set on Lotta, while Otho did nothing but gaze at Osra.

Presently a low murmur began to run along the table. "Who is she?" asked some one, but none could answer. "Who is she?" called an old man to Christian; but he answered: "What's that to you? Is she not fairer?" And when others asked whence she came, he made the same answer. But one young fellow leant from his place and plucked Christian's sleeve, saying: "Is she promised to you?" And at this Christian frowned, answering: "At least she is not for you"; while Osra, overhearing, blushed mightily. Then Otho, still saying nothing, suddenly lugged out a great purse of money, and flung it violently into the middle of the table with a curse; and Christian, with a mocking lift of his hat, came forward, and, taking it, tossed it up and down in his hand, crying: "Is it fair weight, neighbor Otho?" Otho did not heed him; but he turned suddenly to Lotta and put his arm round her waist, saying: "Ay, it is true. The devil must have sent her, but it is true. Yet you are pretty too, my lass." For Lotta, after looking at all the company and at Osra, had been so sorely wounded in her pride and robbed of her triumph that poor child, she had begun to weep, hiding her face in her hands; and Otho was trying to comfort her, though, lover as he was, he could not for the life of him declare that she was more beautiful than the girl whom Christian had brought. And they all moved from their places and came to stand round Osra. But she, after a moment, caught from Christian the bag that he tossed so exultantly, crying to him: "I'll be your debtor for it"; and, bursting through the ring, she ran round the table and came to Lotta, and, pulling the girl's hands down from her face, she thrust the bag into her hands and began to talk to her, whispering low, and looking into her frightened eyes with her own shining.

"Ah, my dear," said Osra, "see, he still loves you, dear. Ah, why did I come? And I am going away, yes, now, and I shall never come here again. I do harm wherever I go. Yes, but you'll be the prettiest girl in the village always. Otho, Otho, kiss her, Otho. Tell her you love her, Otho. Don't stand there dumb. Oh, how stupid men are! Don't you see what she wants? Yes; do it again. I never saw anybody so pretty, Otho. Yes, yes, dear, keep the bag. It's from me; you must keep it, and buy pretty clothes, and be prettier than ever, for Otho's sake, because he loves you." And by the time the Princess Osra had ended her consolations, behold, she was very nearly crying herself! But Lotta put her arms round the princess's neck and kissed her because she said that Otho still loved her; and in her gratitude for this, she forgot thanks for the bag of crowns, or even to wonder who this girl was that could give away a thousand crowns. But in this the rest of the company were not like her, and an eager murmuring marked the excitement with which they watched the scene, and they cried to Christian: "Look after your crowns!" and thought him mad when he shook his head jauntily, answering: "Let Otho do what he will with them." And, their interest growing more and more intense, they crowded round the princess, scanning her very closely, and she was in great fear that she would be known, and also in some embarrassment from the ardent glances and free comments of the simple country men, who were accustomed to say what they thought with more plainness than were the gentlemen of the court; so that, at length, fairly alarmed, she gave Lotta a last hasty kiss, and made her way to Christian, crying: "Take me away."

"Ay, madam," said he; and he put her arm in his and turned away. But all the company followed him, staring and gossiping and crowding, so that Lotta and Otho were left alone at the feast which Otho had provided, with nothing to console them but one another's love and the happily recovered thousand crowns. And the crowd pressed hard on Osra and Christian, being full of eagerness to see where the girl went and what became of her. Thus they reached the top of the hill and came in sight of Christian's cottage. But now Christian suddenly loosed Osra's arm, and, turning round, faced the throng of inquisitive folk, and with either hand he drew a silver-mounted pistol from his belt; and, when he had cocked them, he pointed them at his friends and neighbors, saying in a quiet and pleasant voice, "I shall count to twenty. Any one who means to be within range when I come to twenty had best now order his coffin."

"ANY ONE WHO MEANS TO BE WITHIN RANGE WHEN I COME TO TWENTY HAD BEST NOW ORDER HIS COFFIN."

At this a great grumbling arose among them; yet they knew Christian, and did not wait till he had counted, but one and all turned tail and ran down the hill much quicker than they had come up. But one or two fellows, resentful and malicious because of their disappointment, as soon as they found themselves out of range, turned round and shouted, "Ay, he is ready with his pistol, is Christian. We know him. Highwayman! when did you last rob?" And Christian went red as the frock that Osra wore. But she turned questioning eyes on him.

"Yes," said he, sullenly. "They say highwayman. It is true. I am a robber. That is why I said, madam, that I could not live without my horse."

"Come," said Osra, "let us go to the cottage."

So they returned together to the cottage, saying nothing. And there Osra put on her own clothes again, and bade farewell to the old woman, who asked no questions of her, and mounted her horse. Then Christian said:

"Shall I ride with you, madam?" And she bowed her head in assent.

Till they entered the forest the princess did not speak. But then she sighed, saying:

"I am sorry that I went with you. For, if you had lost your horse, maybe you would have ceased from your way of life. It is better to lose a horse than to be hanged."

"Madam," said he, "you speak prudently. Yet I had rather be hanged than lose him."

"I am in your debt a thousand crowns," said she; and, stopping her horse, she wrote for him an order for a thousand crowns, and she signed it with her own name, Osra, and gave it to him. And he received it, bowing very low.

"You knew me all the time?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," said he. And they had now come to where he had first met her.

"Why do you live by robbery?" she asked.

"For the love of the same thing that made you come with me to-day, madam."

"But could you not find what you love in the king's service?"

"I do not like service, madam," said Christian. "I love to be free."

She paused for a moment, and then said in a lower tone:

"Could you not endure my service, sir?"

"In that I shall now live and die, madam," said he, and she felt his eyes upon her.

Again in silence they rode on. It was evening now, and had grown dark; and presently the lantern in the tower of the keep of Zenda became visible. Then Osra drew rein.

"For my sake," said she, "rob no more."

"What you command, madam, is my law. And here is your ring."

"Keep the ring," she said. "But when I can serve you, you shall send it back to me, and ask what you will in return for it."

"There is nothing," said he, very low, and looking away from her, "that I would take in exchange for it."

"A foolish man, or only a foolish speech?" she asked as lightly as she could, with one fleeting glance at his face.

"A foolish man, madam, it may be, but a true speech." And he bent, bare-headed, in his saddle, and raised her hand to his lips. And, still bare-headed, he turned away and rode back at a canter into the forest. But the Princess Osra rode on to the castle, wondering greatly at what she had done that day.

Yet she could not be very sorry that she had saved his horse for him, and she trusted that Otho and Lotta would be happy; and she thought that one man was, after all, as good flesh and blood as another; and then that she was a princess and he a robber, and that his eyes had been overbold; yet there was deference in them also.

"It is a great pity that he should be a robber," sighed the princess as she reached the castle.

II.

The Princess Osra's carriage was within two miles of Strelsau when she put her head out of the window and asked the officer who rode by the wheel why such a throng of people hastened to the city.

"It is nothing, madam," answered he, saluting. "It is only that two rogues are to be hanged to-day."

"What pleasure is there in seeing men hanged?" asked Osra sorrowfully. "I wish I had not come to-day"; and she drew her head back in great disgust. And she called, "Go slowly, and let me not get into the middle of the wild beasts who go to gloat over men being hanged."

So the horses were checked to a walk, and thus the carriage proceeded slowly towards Strelsau. But presently the princess put her head out of the window again and asked, "Who are to be hanged to-day, sir?"

"The noted highwayman Sigismund Kohl, madam," said he. "He robbed the archbishop's coach in the forest of Zenda, but they pursued him over the frontier and tracked him to the cottage of the other rogue, who had had a part in many previous robberies, though not in this. And the second fellow hid Kohl and tried to put off the officers, but they caught them both, and both are to be hanged."

"It seems hard," said Osra, "to hang the one who only sheltered his friend. He could do no less."

"Nay, madam, he richly deserves it. Besides his previous robberies, he is gravely suspected of a most foul murder. For a few weeks ago he was in company with a girl, and she seemed to have money and to spare, and was mighty pretty too, they say. And now he can give no account of what has become of her; but they have found all the clothes which she wore, hidden away in his house, and he says his mother bought the clothes. But they are a girl's clothes, not an old woman's. It looks black; but, luckily, the other matter is sure enough to hang him on. His mother's clothes, in truth! Would an old woman, who died three weeks ago, have bought a new red frock and smart red stockings for herself?"

The Princess Osra leant suddenly farther forward, and she asked breathlessly:

"A red frock? Red stockings? And the mother's dead? Dead of what?"

"Of a chill, madam, such as carries old people off suddenly. Yes, it looks black, and so the people think; for when they were brought into the city, though the rascals cheered Kohl, who had only robbed the archbishop, they pelted and came near to killing Christian Hantz."

The princess's face went pale, and she sank back, murmuring: "Christian Hantz!" But in another moment she cried, "At what hour is the hanging?"

"At noon, madam; that is a half hour from now."

Then the princess cried in a loud, urgent tone: "Faster, faster! Drive at top speed!" and the officer looked at her in wonder; but she cried: "A hundred crowns to the coachman if he brings me to the place before noon. Quick! quick!" For she was all on fire at the thought that Christian Hantz was to be hanged, not for any new robbery, but because he had sheltered his friend. And she knew how the red skirt and the red stockings came into his house, and her breath caught in her throat, and she thought how he had

"SHE PUT HER HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW AND ASKED THE OFFICER . . . WHY SUCH A THRONG OF PEOPLE HASTENED TO THE CITY."

suffered stoning and execration rather than betray her secret. And she cried out to herself as she was hurried along: "But the ring! Why did he not send the ring?"

By now they were at the gates of the city, and now within them. The officer and the two men who were with him rode forward to clear the way for the princess. And thus they made their way on till they came to the street which leads from the west gate to the cathedral, and could see the gibbet that had been raised before the prison, between the cathedral and the palace. But here the whole street was blocked with people, and the officer could not get the carriage through, for the people were thick as swarming bees all across the roadway, and even if they would have moved they could not; and the carriage came to a dead stand, while the officer said to Princess Osra:

"Madam, it is useless; we cannot get through them."

Osra sprang from the carriage, and she said:

"You have two men with you. For God's sake, gentlemen, bring me through to the foot of the gibbet. I care not if it costs me my life."

"Nor we, madam, though it costs us ours, since it is your pleasure," they said, as every man in the city would have said for the Princess Osra. And the two men went ahead, and Osra followed with the officer; and pushing and striving, and dodging in and out—ay, and, when need was, hitting and buffeting and kicking—the three took her through, into the square of the cathedral. And the clock in the great tower struck noon.

As the bell boomed, a cry went up from the thronged square, and the body of a man shot from the scaffold to the top of the gibbet and hung there. And the people cried, some cheering, some also groaning and weeping.

"A PRIEST WAS WITH HIM, HOLDING A CRUCIFIX BEFORE HIS EYES."

"Who is it? Who is it?" cried the princess.

"It is Sigismund Kohl, madam," said the officer.

"Then on, on, on!" she cried, and again they struggled forward. But now a louder and fiercer cry rang out as a man was brought forward on the scaffold, in his shirt and breeches. A priest was with him, holding a crucifix before his eyes. King Rudolph, who sat at a window of his palace, asked why they delayed to string the rascal up, and one of his gentlemen answered:

"Sire, the priest begged a few minutes' delay. For the obstinate rogue will not confess to the murder of the girl, and therefore cannot receive absolution, and the priest is loath to have him hanged without it."

"He shall be hanged without it, unless his conscience act quickly," said the king. But a moment later he asked: "What is the tumult in the corner of the square? There is a fight there. Let it be seen to."

And indeed there was a fight, for the three with Osra were bent on getting through, and the crowd would not let them through; and they struck at the crowd, and the crowd at them. But suddenly some one, peering past the guards, exclaimed: "The princess! the princess!" And then the blows ceased, and the crowd began slowly to give back, making way for Osra, and she walked between walls of people, yet did not seem to see or take heed of any of them, but her eyes were glued to the man on the scaffold. For even now the priest, who had held the crucifix, turned sorrowfully away, and signed with his hand to the hangman.

Again the people shouted fiercely for Christian's death; and he, stepping forward, gave himself into the executioner's hand. Those who were near him saw that

there was a smile on his lips, and, as the hangman took hold of him, he kissed a little packet which he held in his right hand. But the people shrieked loudly: "Murderer! Murderer! Where is the girl?" At this, stung beyond endurance, Christian cried, so loudly that his voice rose above the clamor:

"I am no murderer; I did not touch a hair of her head."

"Then where is she? where is she?" they shouted.

"I do not know," said he; and he added in a low tone, kissing his little packet again, "Wherever she is, God in his graciousness send her joy." And he turned to the executioner, saying, "Get on, man." But then he looked, as it were for the last time, on the living sea of faces round him, and suddenly, out of all of them, he saw one.

What Christian saw, the king saw also, and he rose from his chair with an oath and a laugh.

"This sister of mine is a wonderful wench," said he. "Come, let us see why she will not have this rascal hanged. Run, some one, and tell them not to string him up till I give the word."

And the king walked out of the palace and came into the square, the guard parting the people before him; and Osra, seeing him coming, stood now quite still, blushing and smiling, although she was very ashamed and panted sorely. Then the king came and faced her, saying nothing, but lifting his eyebrows and smiling whimsically; but at last he whispered:

"What! was there a man in the forest, Osra?"

And she answered: "Do not ask me that, sire, but ask Christian Hantz what is in the packet that he kissed as the hangman took hold of him."

"He is not only a robber, but a murderer also, though he will not own it."

"No, he is no murderer," said she. "Look in the packet."

"Then come and look with me," said the king; and, taking her hand, he led her up on to the scaffold, in sight of all the people, who wondered and laughed, for they always laughed at the ways of Princess Osra. But she flew straight across to Christian, who fell on one knee, with the rope round his neck. "Give me the packet," she cried, and she tore it open. And in it she found her order for a thousand crowns, and the gem engraved with the royal arms. For an instant she looked at Christian, and then she said:

"You have not got money for the order. Yet my name was good for a thousand crowns."

"To me, madam, it was better than fifty thousand."

"But," she broke out eagerly, "you should have sent the ring. I could have saved you."

"But you would have kept it in return for the service, madam."

"Ay, sir, that was the bargain," said Osra, with a little low laugh.

"'GIVE ME THE PACKET,' SHE CRIED, AND SHE TORE IT OPEN."

"I knew it. And I preferred to die with it rather than live without it."

"Another foolish speech."

"Yes; for the man is foolish, madam."

"And they cry to you: 'Where is the girl?' And you do not answer, but die under a foul charge!"

To this Christian Hantz made no answer at all, unless it were one to murmur, mournfully:

"And, madam, they have taken from me the red skirt and——"

The Princess Osra suddenly turned from him and went to the king, who had stood regarding her, and she knelt down before him, saying:

"Sire and dear brother, pardon this man. He did but shelter his friend, and he will rob no more."

"I might forgive him his robberies, if he would take service in my army."

"Yes, in my regiment of Guards?" she cried.

"But how shall I forgive that foul murder, of which he is certainly guilty? For, where, sister, is the pretty girl of whom no traces can be found, saving her dress, her red skirt, and——"

"Sire, these things—I pray you, sire, let your gentlemen stand a little back."

"Stand back, then, gentlemen," said the king.

"These things, sire, were, by a strange chance, in the little parcel that the poor man kissed. Though why he kissed it, I know not."

The king took Osra's order for a thousand crowns, and also the gem engraved with the royal arms, and he looked at them and at his sister.

"Therefore, sire," said she, "I ask pardon and life for the most courteous gentleman in your dominions; for he prized my ring above his life, and my secret above his honor. Sire, such men should live and not die."

The king turned to his officers and said:

"Gentlemen, the princess knows that the girl is alive and well, and has no complaint against this man. For he might not in honor tell who or where she was. And, for the rest, he did but shelter his friend, and my sister is surety that he will rob no more. May he live?"

And when they heard this, they all declared that Christian should live, and they went into the crowd and told the people that the girl was found. And then the people suddenly veered round and began to cheer Christian, and some cried: "Who is the girl?" and laughed merrily, conceiving that it was a love affair in which Christian had been engaged; and because he preferred to die under an imputation of murder rather than endanger his love's reputation, he became a hero with them; and when they heard he was not to die, they dispersed in the utmost good temper, cheering him and the king, and, above all, the Princess Osra, whom they loved.

But she went again to Christian, and bade the hangman take the rope off his neck.

"Will you serve me in my regiment of Guards, sir?" she asked, "or is service still irksome to you?"

"I will serve you, madam," said Christian.

"And since you will need equipment, get money for this order," and she gave him again the order.

"I must needs obey you, madam, though reluctantly."

"It is well, sir. I trust you will serve faithfully. I bid you farewell, sir"; and she bowed slightly and turned as if to leave him. And he said nothing, but stood looking at her, so that presently she blushed and said:

"They will let you have those—those things, now, sir."

And Christian bowed very low, and, raising himself again, still looked at her.

"Nay, I cannot do that," said Princess Osra. "But you will see it now and then, and, now and then, maybe, you can touch it." And she put the ring on her finger and held out her hand to him. And he knelt and kissed the ring and then her hand, but he looked very glum. And the princess laughed openly at him, her eyes dancing in delight and amusement. But he still looked most glum, and when she turned away he looked more as though he were going to be hanged than he had any time in the day before; so that the king, pointing at him, said to Osra:

"An ungrateful dog! Upon my soul, he looks as though he were sorry not to be hanged. Do you call that courtesy?"

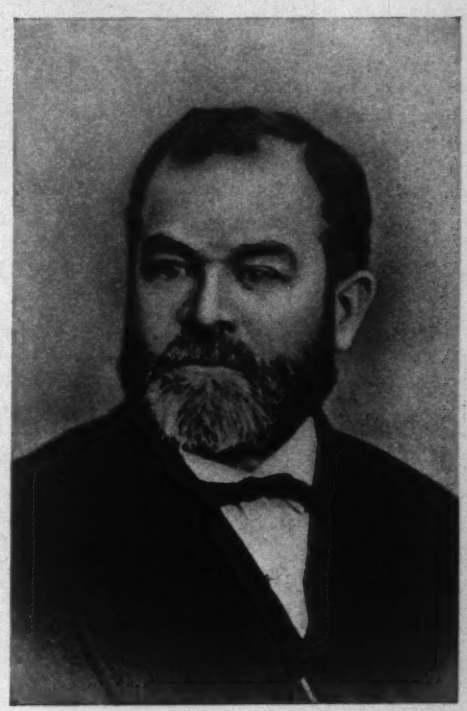
But the princess laughed softly, and rubbed the ring on her finger as she answered:

"Ay, sire, I call that the best of courtesy."

TAMMANY UNDER JOHN KELLY.

By E. J. Edwards.

OHN KELLY was fitted by natural abilities and long experience for the work which fell to him after the disruption of the Tweed ring, but he did not live to see Tammany Hall attain the power in politics to which it was his ambition to bring that organization. While personally an honest man, Kelly regarded politics as a form of warfare wherein strategy might, without dishonor, be carried to any length. In 1854 he became an alderman. He was then thirty-three years old. The same year he was elected to Congress, his antagonist being the most powerful foe that Tammany at that time had in its own party, Michael Walsh. He was reëlected in 1856, and, while still serving, was elected sheriff of the county of New York. He had now revealed very high qualities of leadership and had gained himself a following which remained faithful to him until his death. No other New York politician has secured such perfect devotion as Mr. Kelly enjoyed. It is told that after his death a company of men of great prominence in political and business affairs—strong men, trained to keep their emotions under perfect control—stood looking upon the body as it lay in the coffin, when suddenly, one and all, they lost the mastery of themselves, and broke into such utterances of grief as alarmed members of the family who were present. One of them, a man especially prominent, threw himself upon a lounge in a perfect paroxysm, groaning and wailing; others were no less demonstrative; and it was nearly an hour before they could recover sufficient composure to present themselves on the street.



JOHN KELLY.

After the Tweed disruption, Mr. Kelly was indicated not by any political manipulation, but by a common impulse in what was left of Tammany, as the one man capable of bringing order out of its ruins. He abandoned every other business, and devoted himself night and day to the reorganization of Tammany as a political force acting with the Democratic party. The amount of work he did was enormous. He labored all day at Tammany Hall, and half of the night at his home. He had stenographers at his side at almost every moment. Finally, so intense had been his concentration, so absorbing his labors, that a slight attack of vertigo warned him that there must be some cessation or his life would be imperilled.

And he labored effectively. Desiring that some one should be named as the Tammany candidate for mayor in whom the business community had full confidence, and whose personal character was irreproachable, he fixed upon Smith Ely, Jr., a leather merchant, who had gained a reputation in Congress for independence, high ideals, and great common sense. The selection was a fortunate one. Mr. Ely was elected; and it seemed as if, after its brief retirement, Tammany had returned permanently to power. Kelly, however, knew better than that. He was aware that the election of Ely as mayor was, after all, only the first step in the develop-

ment of that perfect political organization which he had in mind. He wanted to make Tammany strictly political in its strength and activity; he did not want it an organization maintained for the purpose of looting. Moving cautiously and with great skill, he selected as the next Tammany candidate for mayor, after Mr. Ely, William H. Wickham, who had been a Republican in close association with such men as Marshall O. Roberts and Chester A. Arthur, the latter of whom was then collector of the port. Kelly had established some political understanding with Arthur, and there was a personal friendship between the two of many years' standing.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COUNTY DEMOCRACY.

Wickham was elected, and it was Kelly's belief that before the end of Wickham's term so much would have been accomplished in the way of reorganization as to make Tammany invincible. But there were new influences rapidly developing. William C. Whitney and Edward Cooper and Hubert O. Thompson—the latter a young man who had come from the drawing-rooms of Murray Hill, where he had been a favorite leader of the German, into association with men who were playing a high game of politics—and Maurice J. Power and many other Democrats, some of them members of the Tammany Society, were preparing, under the advice and guidance of ex-Governor Tilden, and with the countenance of Governor Lucius Robinson, to form a new political organization in New York which should supplant Tammany. They created the County Democracy, an organization which in its brief life was very powerful, and at times played a successful part even in national politics. They met General Arthur in consultation. It was Arthur's idea that as the Republican party was in the minority in New York City, its best policy was to divide the Democracy, and make such favorable terms with one of the two factions thus created as would give the Republican organization in New York City some vitality in addition to that which it drew from Federal patronage. Thus there came about an understanding under which Edward Cooper was placed in nomination for mayor, John Kelly naming as his opponent a very prominent Democrat, Augustus Schell. Mr. Schell was a man of affairs, of spotless integrity, and had been an intimate friend of Governor Tilden's, and a friendly associate of the political circle centring in him. The Republicans were to receive, in return for supporting Cooper, the County Democracy's support for their candidate for district attorney, who was General Arthur's law partner, the late Benjamin K. Phelps.

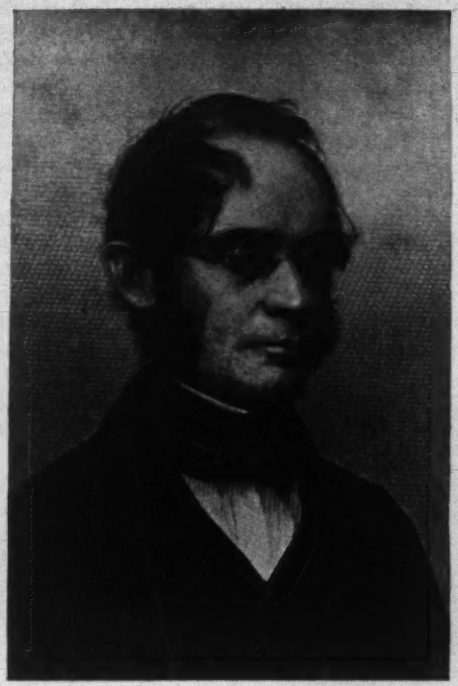
LUCIUS ROBINSON,
Ex-Governor of New York.

The combination was successful. Cooper and Phelps were elected, and then followed a period which tested Kelly's power as a leader in adversity.

The Democratic governor, Mr. Robinson, whose inclination was decidedly favorable to the County Democracy, removed the Tammany county clerk, Mr. Gumbleton. This was thought to be a mortal blow. With Cooper in the mayor's chair, with a Republican district attorney, and with an anti-Tammany man appointed to succeed the removed Gumbleton, it was believed that Kelly would find it impossible to hold his organization together.

KELLY'S CANDIDACY FOR GOVERNOR.

Then soon came on a Democratic State convention to nominate a successor to Governor Robinson. Kelly went to the convention at the head of the Tammany delegation, determined upon one thing, and that was that Robinson should not be

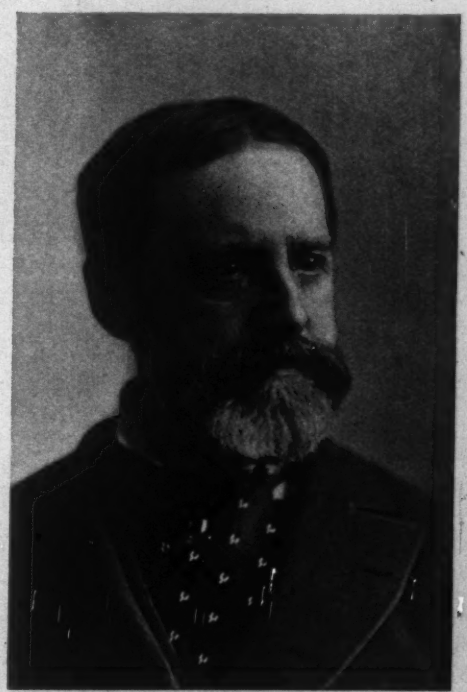


AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

renominated until the convention fully understood what Kelly and Tammany would do in that event. The power of the County Democracy, the influence of the governor's friends, the hostility to Tammany which existed in the party in the State at large, gave the opponents of Kelly the control of the convention. Kelly announced that if the Democratic party of New York placed in nomination for governor a man who had, as Kelly claimed, cruelly, unjustly, treacherously struck at Tammany through a faithful public official, Mr. Gumbleton, he (Kelly) would run for governor in opposition, and he added that he would be supported by every member of the Tammany Association. But the convention laughed him to scorn. Its leaders declared that a man who bolted could never receive recognition from the Democratic party again. Some of them said that Mr. Kelly's utterance was a bluff, inspired by his own vanity and obstinacy. Every one declared that, even if he were foolish enough to nominate himself as an independent candidate for governor, he would find his campaign ridiculous, and his support not greater than a corporal's guard.

Kelly had had his say, however, and he made no reply to these taunts. Subsequently he made his threat good. He was placed in nomination, when that was done, and he knew within a thousand the number of votes which he would receive upon election day, so perfect was his organization. Tammany stood by him loyally. He received more than ninety thousand votes. Robinson was defeated, and the Republicans elected their candidate, Mr. Cornell, by a good plurality.

No longer did the Democracy laugh or sneer at Kelly. He had demonstrated his political skill and his personal and political boldness as well. Moreover, he had shown the politicians of the State that he had recreated Tammany Hall, so that in spite of reverses, notwithstanding a formidable and successful opposing local Democratic organization, and antagonistic influences flowing from the State administration, he held in the hollow of his hand ninety thousand Democratic votes. He was an autocrat greater than Tweed; more brusque and domineering than Croker; more blunt, persistent, self-reliant, and obstinate than Fernando Wood or Isaac V. Fowler. His political organization seemed absolutely perfect. It had almost military discipline. It was as far-reaching in its touch as the police system of Russia. Kelly was followed with a loyalty which no other leader of Tammany Hall has secured.



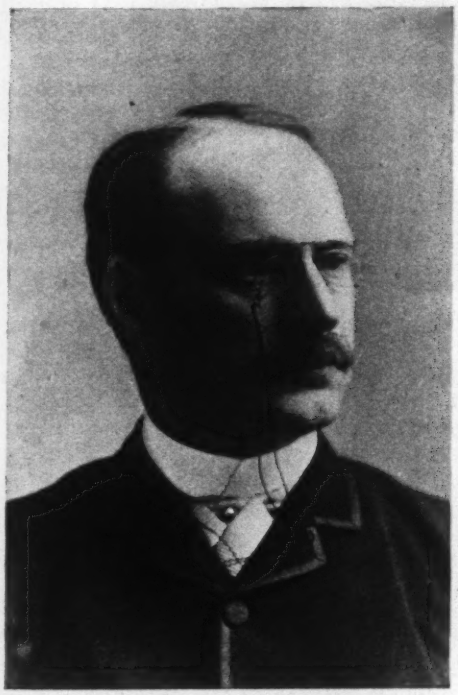
EDWARD COOPER.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

KELLY'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CLEVELAND.

Without Kelly's support Mr. Cleveland could not have been nominated for governor in 1882. Cleveland was not the first choice of Kelly and Tammany, for they had agreed to support Roswell P. Flower for the nomination. The Brooklyn Democracy had named General Slocum as its candidate, and was much more earnest in support of him than the friends of any of the other candidates seemed to be in support of them. The friends of Mr. Cleveland and the supporters of Mr. Flower united finally on Cleveland.

The common impression has been that Tammany has always been hostile politically to Mr. Cleveland, but it was not so until after Cleveland's election to the governorship. The opposition of Kelly to Cleveland was due to the refusal of Cleveland, as governor, to support certain legislation which Kelly favored. When Cleveland became the Democratic candidate for President, Kelly was less than lukewarm towards him.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Writing under date of July 16, 1884, to Horatio King, Mr. Kelly said: "Permit me to say that I think we have made an unfortunate mistake [in the nomination of Cleveland for President]. You can hardly realize the extent of the feeling that exists among the working classes in this country against Governor Cleveland's election. They protested against his nomination, and our friends acted in downright stupidity in their indifference to these warning appeals. I confess, for the first time in my life, that I am considerably in doubt as to what may be the result. Can they be persuaded to support Governor Cleveland? I am afraid not to any great extent. You must know that we have to rely mainly upon the working classes for support, and I hope that something may turn up within a very short time to convince them that it would be to their interest to support Cleveland, and certainly against their interest to support Mr. Blaine. Something may be done, and I hope it will be done quickly, for our party is in a sorrowful plight."

Something was done, although not quickly. Mr. Kelly gave to the nomination of Cleveland no support for several months after it was made. Tammany was sullen. Kelly was silent. The lesser politicians had been making agreements which involved in New York City the support at the polls, by the Republicans, of Tammany's candidate for mayor, Mr. Grant, and in return for that the direct or indirect support of the Republican national ticket by a sufficient number of Tammany men to make it certain that Mr. Blaine would carry New York State. At last, and within a few days of the election, Governor Cleveland came to New York and met John Kelly at the Hoffman House. What took place at that meeting will probably forever remain a secret. Kelly's lips were sealed when the interview was finished. Mr. Cleveland has never spoken of it, so far as his friends in New York City know. But that there must have been an agreement is indicated by the fact that Mr. Kelly, a few hours later, gave orders that the Democratic national ticket was to be faithfully supported by the Tammany organization, and the orders were scrupulously obeyed.

After the election Mr. Kelly, writing again to Horatio King, said: "When I received your former letter, last summer, I assure you I had great doubts as to the result which has just been secured. There certainly was an intense and bitter feeling existing among the laboring classes of our city against Governor Cleveland, in view of his unfortunate vetoes of their bills which passed the legislature. We have succeeded, however, in inducing most of them in

the wards of this city to forego what they intended to do at the election, and act as they had formerly with the party with which they belonged, and which they supported —and the result is before you. I assure you at the beginning it was uphill work."

It is not too much to say that but for the meeting of Governor Cleveland with John Kelly, and the subsequent order issued by Kelly, Mr. Cleveland, as Kelly intimates in this letter, could not in 1884 have obtained the electoral vote of New York State. The incident illustrates how perfect the discipline of Tammany was.

The excitement and strain to which Mr. Kelly was subjected during the campaign caused a recurrence of vertigo, and it soon became apparent to his friends that his health was seriously impaired. Little by little he failed, until at last it could not be concealed that his day as an active leader of Tammany Hall was over. He lingered along, however, for many months, and he indicated in that time quite clearly to his associates his opinion of the proper men to succeed him in the direction of the Tammany Society. Hugh J. Grant, who was trained in politics by Kelly, and for whose abilities he had very great admiration, was spoken of as one of those who should be chief among the advisers of the organization. But Richard Croker, who began his active life in Tammany Hall under Kelly's direction, and who had been a faithful student of Kelly's methods, and his able and zealous lieutenant, was the man of whom Kelly spoke with the greatest confidence in connection with the leadership; and when Kelly died, his counsel prevailed. Mr. Croker became the leader of Tammany Hall, and the organization began a new career, which promised for a time to secure it that lasting invincibility which John Kelly had aimed at, and had come almost within sight of. The history of this new *régime* is reserved for a subsequent paper.

"AFTERWARDS."

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

IT was a tale of scarcely more than four pages. It appeared in the columns of a magazine which the editorial taste may prefer me to identify under the gauze veil of a footnote.*

Who has measured the invisible edition which multiplies the "estimated circulation" of a great thing? I believe that the subtle power of an ethical value whose importance few of us understand will already have taken the little story, and will have begun to express through it, silently, the evangel which I may make a mistake in trying to put into words. It was but a few months ago that Ian Maclaren published "Afterwards." I am not afraid to prophesy that it will be read and loved for a generation of years.

I do not always "follow" the new writers, and know nothing of the author of "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush"; but it happened, as it often does in such matters, that the mere motive of personal curiosity led me to notice the story. Upon the pages of my own note-book, *Afterwards* had long stood in the limbo of titles waiting for their stories. It so happened, indeed, that I had planned to treat a situation not altogether apart from the events of this. What noble uses we servants of the pen may make of "the stories which I did not write"!

The long breath of relief that one did not attempt a fine thing so much more poorly than another has achieved it; the grateful glow which appreciates how much better some one else has done it; even the gentle, human sigh that wishes one *had* done it—all melt into the fervor of admiration for a beautiful thing unapproachably done.

I have called "Afterwards" a great story, and have no fear that I shall be called upon to retract the adjective.

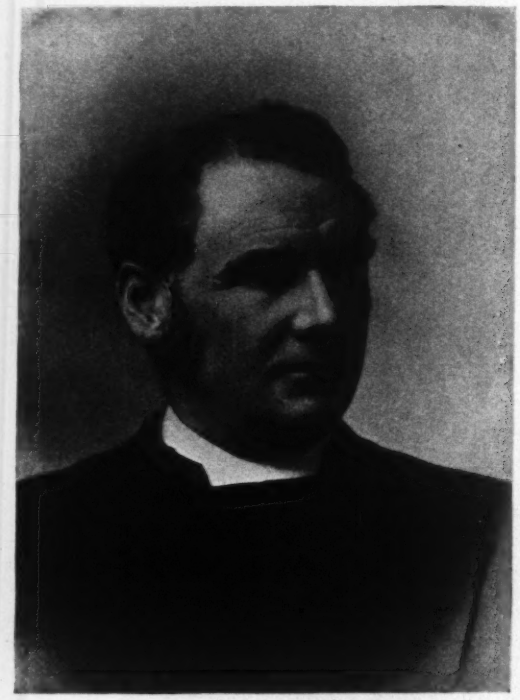
The plot—but there is no plot. The description—but we do not remember any. The fine writing—where is it? But the characterization is a mirror of dazzling veracity and intensity. And the *motif* is a chariot of holy fire.

The story is elemental, not complex; it deals with one of the great situations too common in human life, and touches this with the simplicity and pathos that sometimes give immortality to an unconscious stroke of the pen.

Do we not all remember some remote

*McClure's Magazine, April, 1895.

sketch, some intaglio carved by a delicate hand a quarter or a half a century ago, forgotten by the many, but remembered by the few who knew the less obtrusive precious stories building into the walls of the literature that formed our youth? Among such I recall a little book—a very little book—entitled, "Be Kind to your Sister." Fancy it! That was the fashion of the day. What a title for a real piece of good work, a vivid and strong appeal to the deepest force in human society—family tenderness! I think the little sister was struck by an accident, in a fit of temper. I know there was a stone or a push, and a brook, and death, and remorse enough to break the heart of a child reader, and to haunt the conscience and warn the impulses of a woman for the rest of her days. And I know that I was but one of thousands of people to whom that tiny tale became immortal, for no other reason in this world than because it took hold with literary quality and dignity of one of the pure and tender and everlasting elements of human life; because it touched the sacredness of common ties, and the possibilities of their blasphemy among people who loved each other.



IAN MACLAREN.

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"Afterwards," as everbody remembers who has read it, is the story of an English barrister with the inevitable seat in the House irritating his ambition, and a family of two in his home.

Trevor is a busy man with a quiet wife. The frequent fate of busy men and quiet wives falls upon the twain. They drift apart—for his sake. There are charming vacations (he is so overworked)—all for him. He goes; she stays—for his sake. He is the petted guest of fashionable ladies, who feed him with the honeyed phrases that men confidingly roll under their tongues, with no more suspicion that they are being duped than a lap-dog has that he is taking homœopathic medicine in the form of sac. lac. tablets.

"'Writing letters—home, of course, to that idolized wife. It is beautiful, and you are an example to us all; but Mrs. Trevor will excuse descriptions of scenery; she knows you are enjoying yourself.'"

"'We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she never will come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her.'"

(Aside) "'Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called "a good wife," you know.'"

"He received the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm. . . ."

"'You look so utterly satisfied,' said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, 'that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast . . . imagine London, and Cannes is paradise.'

"As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun."

"Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?"

"'A telegram.' It was the shattering of a dream."

"An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived."

"'Tell you everything? That is what I am trying to do. . . . No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your

photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent. They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. "My husband was so thoughtful." '"

"'Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter . . . yes . . . let me recollect. . . . It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than——'"

Did I call the story a mirror? Rather, a Claude Lorraine. All its beautiful outlines and soft tints are reflected in black. It is tragedy unmitigated; but tragedy with which no easy optimist can quarrel. The shallowest dancer through life would not even pirouette to protest against this terribly probable, piteously human tale.

We read till our heart-strings snap, and then we read again. In this delicate etching of home and love and simple wifely tenderness and celestial wifely trust, of too natural masculine neglect and selfishness such as break the hearts of thousands of women who never open their dumb lips to say so, we find a verisimilitude so scathingly of nature that we forget it to be art. The story reads more like biography than fiction, or like the diary of some remorseful man, or as if it were made of pages cut from family records, and, by accident, cast under a stranger's eye. We read and sigh, our consciences meanwhile excusing, or else accusing, one another. The mind leaps inevitably to that personal paraphrase of the tale which is the surest criterion of its plausibility and moral mission.

Suppose that one of these terrible possibilities which await all human separations should befall us? Could any of the woeful chances of life expose her who is dearest to me to anguish and to solitude like that? Alas! could I leave in the soul of him who is nearest to me so sweet, so uncomplaining, so divine a wraith as that?

I called the story an evangel, and the more I study it the surer I grow that I have the name for it. It is a gospel, pure and simple—a gospel of marriage and of home.

Nor do I hesitate at the words because of the tragedy. I am so sure that the reading of "Afterwards" will prevent tragedy in hundreds of the homes which it will enter that I regard its mission as wholly beneficent.

It will be impossible for a sensitive man to read this story and ever again inflict upon his wife the miseries so common in women's lives; impossible to offer neglect when he might give devotion; to forget when he should remember; to be cold when he could be tender. He never can say, "I did not know how women feel about such things. I have never thought or understood." He has had his lesson and his warning.

It will be impossible for any once loving woman, in whom self-indulgence has got the better of her tenderness, after hearing this tale, to take her too dearly bought ease at the expense of one of those unrecognized angels who walk this earth under the name of "kind husbands"—one of those plain, patient, self-effacing men who make of themselves galley-slaves at the oars of life to provide some little creature, some butterfly nature, with luxurious separation from home and its demands. One such woman I knew, who received three telegrams from a sick husband, overcome at his office work by the midsummer heat in Philadelphia, before she could be induced to leave her hotel piazza chair, where she lolled in the sea-breeze, and go to him.

This English story has peculiar meanings of its own for American readers. What is called the annual divorce of our watering-place life has taken grave hold upon American families, and the end of its consequences is not yet. Our wives are learning to be happy without their husbands, and our husbands are exposed to the discomforts and temptations of homeless summers without their wives. We all know cases where the head of the family seems to be abandoned in the summer as heartlessly as the family cat.

Our clubs are mowing heavy swathes among neglected or deserted homes. Our hysteria for travelling is breaking up the home habit, which is the essence of domestic happiness. Dr. Parkhurst, when asked what he thought the chief danger now threatening American life, replied, "The decadence of the home idea." The expert philanthropists who are engaged in the crusades against divorce give us some alarming facts and figures. We need nothing so much as invigoration of the tie between husband and wife, between parent and child, between home and heart. Ian Maclaren's story is an apotheosis of all that is sacred and sweet in the marriage obligation. The beauty and benediction of the home relations thrill before us for a moment, only to tremble into the blackness of remorse which their violation involves.

For, as the farewell words of "Afterwards" have exquisitely told us, "we neglect our dearest, not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine."

I like to call this little tale an evangel for this still further reason: that I believe it to be the promise of things good and delicate to come in the writing of our day.

What is called decadent writing has tainted the air in the process of its dissolution long enough. It is not too much to believe that its grave is ready. Decent genius or cleanly talent, too long accustomed to see its work out of the fashion, if not out of the markets, may take heart and believe that tainted meat is not the only food which the palate of our day demands. It has too long been a fact perfectly understood in "the trade" that a story must nowadays be a little wicked to have the largest sale. I read last week the statement, made on what ought to be unimpeachable authority, that one firm of New York publishers has been in the habit of paying a reader ten thousand dollars a year for the express purpose of seeing to it that manuscripts accepted by that house should come just within—never, imprudently, just without—the line of legalized indecency; but that the proportion of foulness should be mixed as the early Arabians made their first experiments in coffee, "as strong as they might suffer."

A reputable publisher, fully in position to know whereof he speaks, told me, within a month, that a moral earthquake had recently happened in the world of letters. I replied that I had heard no roar and seen no cataclysm.

"The upheaval has been entirely silent," he answered; "it is not discussed. But it has absolutely occurred. Publishers and editors understand it perfectly. The day of bad books has gone by."

If this be true—and what more likely?—we do not even need to pray, God speed the day! Moral goodness, in its very essence, is swifter and more able than evil, and, once given a fair start, will win the race. Whatsoever things are pure are dearer than the deadly or the doubtful to the English and American nature.

One may venture to prophesy a time quite near at hand in which the sacredness and the love of home and "all that is therein" shall be the gate of pearl through which our new literary art shall be entered. "And the gates of it shall not be shut."

Ian Maclaren may have been one of the unconscious forerunners of a noble moral revolution. And there may be an "afterwards" when he will be permitted to look back upon this strong, pure little story as one of the delicate honors which fate sometimes reserves for those who are greater than the fashion of their day, and privileged to see their moral independence recognized in literary form at the time when the world had need of it and them.

VERSES.

By Gertrude Hall.

How shall we tell an angel
From another guest?
How, from the common worldly herd,
One of the blest?

Hint of suppressèd halo,
Rustle of hidden wings,
Wafture of heavenly frankincense—
Which of these things?

The old Sphinx smiles so subtly:
"I give no golden rule,
Yet would I bid thee, world, treat well
Whom thou call'st fool."

PAST REDEMPTION.

A NEW "BONNIE BRIAR BUSH" STORY.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Afterwards," "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," etc.

WE had called him Posty so long that Jamie Soutar declared our postman had forgotten the sound of his own name, and had refused a letter addressed to himself. This was merely Jamie's humor, for Posty held his legal designation in jealous remembrance, and used it for the confusion of pride with much effect.

When Milton, in whom Pharisaism had reached the point of genius, dealt faithfully with Posty at New Year time on his personal habits, and explained that he could not give him money lest he should waste it on strong drink, offering him instead a small volume of an improving character, Posty fell back on his reserves.

"Ma name," he said, eyeing Milton sternly, and giving each syllable its just weight, "is Aircheebald Mac Kittrick, an' gin ye hae ony complaint against me for neglect o' duty, ye can lodge it wi' the Postmaister-General, specifyin' parteeclars, sic as late arrival or omittin' tae deliver, an' a'll hae the sateesfaction o' cairryin' yer letter pairt o' th' uy tae its destination.

"A've ma public capaucity as an officer of the Crown,"—Posty was now master of the situation, and grew more awful every moment,—"an' there a'm open tae creeticism. In ma private capaucity as a free-born Scot the Queen hersel' has nae busniss tae interfere wi' me. Whether a prefer speerits or limejuice for ma tastin',"—Milton had once deceived Posty with the latter seductive fluid,—"whether a mairry ae wife or three,"—Milton's third nuptials were still fresh in the Glen,—"it be maitter for a man's ain deceesion.

"As regairds the bookie," and Posty held its cheap covers between his thumb and forefinger, "ye 'ill excuse me. Jamie Soutar gied me a lend o' his 'French Revolution,' an' a'm juist warstlin' thro' wi't. A hevna muckle time for readin', an' Tammas Carlyle's a stiff body, but his buiks are graind feedin'. Besides," and now Posty gave the *coup de grace*, "thae releegious bookies hae nae logic for an able-bodied man, coss the laist ane ye gied me wes louse in doctrine, juist stinkin' wi Armeenianism."

Posty was understood to hold an impregnable position with the head of his department, and it was toasted in the year that he had carried the mails from Drumtochty to Pitscourie—thirteen miles and back every day, excluding Sabbaths—for eight and twenty years. It was also believed that he had been late only twice, when the Scourie brook carried away the bridge, and Posty had to go four miles up stream to find a crossing-place, and the day when he struck his head against a stone, negotiating a drift, and lay insensible for three hours.

At four o'clock to a minute Posty appeared every morning in the village shop, which had accumulated during the night a blended fragrance of tea and sugar and candles and Macdougall's shupdip, and where Mrs. Robb, our postmistress, received Posty in a negligent undress, sanctioned by official business and a spotless widowhood.

"That's frae the shooting lodge tae his Lordship; it 'ill be aboot the white hares," and Mrs. Robb reviewed the letters with unfailing accuracy. "Ye can aye tell Drumsheugh's hand; he's aifter some siller frae Pisgie Coacher. Pisgie trickit him aince; he 'ill no dae't again. 'Miss Howieson,' ma word! Jean's no right tae pit that afore her lassie's name, and her a servant lass, tho' a'm no sayin' 'at she disna deserve it, sendin' her mother a post-office order the beginnin' o' ilka month riglar. 'The Worshipful Chief Bummer of the Sons of Temperance Reform.' Michty, what a title! That's what they ca' that haverin' body frae the South Airchie Moncur hed up lecturin' laist winter. Ye were terribly affricht, yersel, Posty, I heard," to which sally the immovable face gave no sign; "and here's ane tae auld Maister Yellowlees o' Kildrummie, askin' him tae the Fast, a'm jalousin'. Sall, the Free Kirk fouk 'ill no bless their minister for his choice; div ye mind the diveesions o' his laist sermon here on the sparrows, Posty?"

"'We shall consider at length,'"—the voice seemed to proceed from a graven image,—"'the natural history of the spar-

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row; next, we shall compare the value of sparrows in ancient and modern times; and, lastly, we shall apply the foregoing truth to the spiritual condition of two classes.'"

"That's it tae a word; it was Ronald Menzies threipit that he heard the keil lauchin' in the kirk. Wues, that's a', Posty, an' an 'Advertiser' frae Burnbrae tae his son in the Black Watch; he 'ill be hame sune juist covered wi' medals. A doot there's been mair snow thro' the nicht; it 'ill be heavy traivillin'."

The light of the oil-lamp fell on Posty as he buckled his bag, and threw his figure into relief against a background of boxes and barrels.

A tall man, even for Drumtochty, standing six feet three in his boots, who, being only a walking skeleton, ought to have weighed some twelve stone, but, with the bone and breadth of him, turned the scale at fifteen. His hair was a fiery red, and his bare hard-featured face two shades darker. No one had ever caught a trace of expression on Posty's face, save once, and for an instant: when he jumped into the Kelpie's Hole to save the wee lassie, Elspeth Macfadyen said "his eyes were graund." He wore the regulation cap on the back of his head, and as no post-office jacket was big enough to meet on Posty's chest, he looped it with string over a knotted waistcoat. One winter he amazed the Glen by appearing in a waterproof cape which a humanitarian official had provided for country postmen, but returned after a week to his former estate, declaring that such luxuries were unhealthy, and certain to undermine the constitution. His watch was the size of a small turnip, and gave the authorized time to the district; although Posty was always denouncing it for a tendency to lose a minute in the course of summer, a complaint he used to trace back to a thunderstorm in his grandfather's time. His equipment was completed by an oaken stick, which the smith shod afresh every third year, and which Posty would suddenly swing over his head as he went along. It was supposed that at these times he had settled a point of doctrine.

Mrs. Robb started him with a score of letters, and the rest he gathered as he went. The upper Glen had a box with a lock, at the cross-roads, and the theory was that each farm had one key and Posty his own. Every key except Posty's had been lost long ago, and the box stood open to the light. But Posty always made a vain attempt to sneck the door, and solemnly dropped the letters through the slit. Some farms had hidie holes in the dyke, which Posty could find in the darkest morning; and one man, through sheer force of custom, deposited his correspondence, as his father had done before him, at the foot of an ancient beech. Persons handing Posty letters considered it polite to hint at their contents, and every information about our exiles was considered Posty's due. He was hardly ever known to make any remark, and a stranger would have said that he did not hear; but it was noticed that he carried the letters to Whiny Knowe himself during George's illness, and there is no doubt that he was quite excited the day he brought the tidings of Professor Ross's recovery.

He only became really fluent after he had been tasting, for which facilities were provided at five points on his route, and then he gave himself to theology, in which, from a technical point of view, he could hold his own with any man in the Glen except Jamie Soutar. As he could not always find another theologian when he was in this mood, he used to walk the faster as a relief to his feelings, and then rest quietly by the roadside for half an hour, wrapt in meditation. You might have set your watch by his rising, when he went on his way like a man whose mind was now at ease.

His face was so unconscious and unsuspicious during these brief retreats that it arrested a well-doing tramp one day and exposed him to misconstruction. It seemed to him, as he explained afterwards to our policeman, that Posty might have fainted, and he felt it his duty to take charge of the mail-bag, which its guardian utilized to fill up the hollow of his back. Very gently did the tramp loosen the strap and extricate the bag. He was rising from his knees when a big red hand gripped his arm, and Posty regarded the face at his head with profound interest.

"A'm obleeged to ye," a voice began, "for yer thochtfu' attention an' the care ye took no to disturb me. Ye 'ill be a resident in the Glen a' m' coontry an' wantin' yer letters?" and Posty rose with great deliberation and refastened the strap.

"A canna mind yer face for the moment, but may be ye're visitin' yer freends? Dinna gang awa' till a find yer letter; it micht hae money in 't and ye're needin' 't.

"Surely ye didna mean to assault a puir helpless cratur," continued Posty, picking up his stick and laying hold of the tramp by his rags, "an' rob him o' her Majesty's mails. Sir, ye ken that wud be highway

robbery, and, man, ye micht be hanged and quartered.

"Ye wud never misconduct yersel' like that, but some o' yer freends micht, an' a wud like ta send them a bit message—Lord's sake, dinna yowl like that, or the neeburs 'll think a'm hurtin' ye."

Two hours later he was found behind a hedge anointing his sores with butter, and using language which Posty, as a religious man, would have heard with profound regret.

When this incident came to Dr. Davidson's ears he took a strong view, and spoke with such frankness and with such a wealth of familiar illustration, that Posty was much edified, and grew eloquent.

"Say awa', doctor, for it's a' true, an' ye'r daein' yer duty faithfu' an' weel. A'm greatly obleeged ta ye, an' a'll no forget yer warnin'. Na, na, it'll sink. Ye'll no be angry, though, or think me audacious, to pint oot a difference atween me an' ma brither that ye was neeburin' wi' me in the maitter o' tastin'.

"A'll no deny that a tak ma mornin' and may be a forenoon, wi' a drap doon at Pitscoolie aifter ma dinner, and juist a mouthfu' at Lucky Macpherson's comin' thro' Nitheraird, and a body needs something afore he goes tae bed; but that's ma ordinar' leemit.

"Noo, Jock is juist in an' oot drammin' frae mornin' tae night, baith in Drumtochty an' Mistoun; and that's bad for the constitution—tae say naith's o' morals. Forby that, Doctor, if Jock crosses the line, he gets veecious ower politics or the Catechism, an' he 'ill fecht like a gude ane; but gin a'm juist a wee overcom'—a've never been intoxicat like the puir regairdless toon waufies—a sit doon for half an oor an' reflect on the dispensations o' Providence."

Posty had, in fact, three moods—the positive, when he was a man of few words; the comparative, when he was cheerful and gave himself to the discussion of doctrine; and the superlative, when he had been tasting freely and retired for meditation. As the years passed and Posty established himself in all hearts, the philanthropy of the Glen came to a focus on his redemption, to Posty's inward delight and with results still fondly remembered.

Cunningham, the Free Church scholar and shyest of men, gave his mind to Posty in the intervals of editing Sophocles, and, after planning the campaign for four months, allured that worthy into his study and began operations with much tact.

"Sit down, Posty, sit down; I'm very glad to see you, and—I wanted to thank you for your attention—everyone in the Glen must be satisfied with—with your sense of official duty."

"Thank ye, sir," said Posty, in his dryest voice, anticipating exactly what Cunningham was after, and fixing that unhappy man with a stony stare that brought the perspiration to his forehead.

"There is one thing, however, that I wanted to say to you, and, Posty, you will understand that it is a—little difficult to—in fact, to mention," and Cunningham fumbled with some Greek proofs.

"What's yir wull, sir?" inquired Posty, keeping Cunningham under his relentless eye.

"Well, it's simply," and then Cunningham detected a new flavor in the atmosphere, and concluded that Posty had been given into his hands, "that—there's a very strong smell of spirits in the room."

"A noticed that masel, sir, the meenut a cam in, but a dinna like ta say onything aboot it," and Posty regarded Cunningham with an expression of sympathetic toleration.

"You don't mean to say," and Cunningham was much agitated, "that you think——"

"Dinna pit yirsel aboot, sir," said Posty in a consoling voice, "or suppose a wud say a word ootside this room. Na, na, there's times a'm the better o' a glass masel, an' it's no possible ye cud trackle thro' the Grake withoot a bit tonic; but ye're safe wi' me," said Posty, departing at the right moment; and he kept his word. But Cunningham was so scandalized that he let out the conversation, and the Glen was happy for a month over it, for they loved both men, each in his own way.

When Jock died suddenly, Cunningham expressed sympathy with Posty, and produced an unexpected impression on that self-contained man.

"It was only last evening I saw you and your brother part in the village. It must be a terrible blow to you."

"Ye saw that," broke in Posty, "thin ye're the only man in the Glen that kens what a sore heart a'm carryin' the day. Juist ablow the public hoose and he gaed up an' a gaed hame. It's a fact. The fouk are sayin' the day, as a cam alang the Glen, 'Ye'll miss Jock, Posty; he slippit aff afore his time;' an' a juist gie them an 'Ou, aye, it makes a difference,' but they dinna suspect ma regret. However did ye licht on it? There's nae use denyin' 't. 'Ye'll tak yir

evenin', Posty,' for Jock ayes ca'd me that—he was prood o't being in the family—an' gin ye ask me what cam ower me that a sud hae refused him, a canna tell. 'Na, na, Jock,' a said, 'a've hed eneuch the day, an' a'm gaein' hame.' He lookit at me, but a was dour, an' noo—it's ower late; a'll never taste wi' Jock again." And Posty's iron manner failed, and for once in his life he was profoundly affected.

The last philanthropist who tried his hand on Posty before he died was "the Colonel," as we called him, that fine, hearty old warrior who stayed with the Carhegies at the Lodge, and had come to grief over Jamie Soutar at the evangelistic meeting. The Colonel was certain that he could manage Posty, for he was great at what he called "button-holing," and so he had his second disaster, understanding neither Drumtochty nor Posty. Being full of the simplest guile, he joined Posty on the road, and spun the most delightful Indian yarns, which were all intended to show what splendid fellows his soldiers were, and how they ruined themselves with drink. Posty gave most patient attention, and only broke silence twice.

"Drinkin', if ye are meanin' intoxication, is nor a failin', it's a sin, an' no a licht ane. Ye ken whar the drunkards gang tae in the end—but dinna let me intirrupt ye."

Later he inquired anxiously where the Colonel's regiment had been recruited, and was relieved by the answer.

"A wes thinkin' they cud na be oor lads that let the drink get the upper hand. They sud be able tae tak their drappie cannily, an' no mak fules o' themselves; but a've heard that a glass or tua o' speerits 'ill turn their heads in the South."

When the Colonel, considerably damped by these preliminaries, came to close grips, Posty took a stand.

"Pledge, did ye say, Colonel? Na, na. A daurna hae onything tae dae wi' sic devices. They're naething else than vows, and vows are aboleeshed in this dispensation. The Catholics keep thim up, a'm informed, but a'm a Protistant, an' ma conscience wudna allow me tae sign. But a'm terribly pleased wi yir stories, sir, an' they gav the time pass fine, an' ye maunna be offended. Gin ye cud meet me the morn at the bounds o' the pairish, a'm willin' tae argie the maitter o' vows up the Glen, juist tae shairpen oor minds. As for the bit ribbon," and Posty held it as if it carried infection, "gin ye hed belanged tae Drumtochty, ye wud hae kent nae man cud wear sic a thing. Oor fouk hae an aufu' sense o' humor; it's sae deep they canna lauch; but they wud juist look at the man, an', as sure's deith, they wudna be weel for the best o' the day. Besides, Colonel, a'm suspeckin' that them were juist ae preceedent for the ribbon in the Bible, that the Pharisees wore, and a never liked thae gentry. Sall, gin icka man began tae pit his virtues on his coat, an' did it honest, it wud be a show at kirk and market. Milton wud hae naethin' but yir ribbon, an Bumbrae, wha's the best man in the Glen, wud na hae room on his Sabbath coat for his decorations," and Posty chuckled inwardly, to the horror of the Colonel.

Three days afterwards the great tragedy happened, and no one needed again to trouble himself about Posty. It was summer time, with thunder in air, and heavy black clouds above Glen Urtach. June was the month in which Mrs. Macfadyen scoured her blankets, and, as her burn was nearly dry, she transferred her apparatus to the bank of the Tochty, where a pool below the mill gave her a sure supply of water. Elspeth lit a fire beneath the birches on the bank, and boiled the water; she plunged the blankets into a huge tub, and, tucking up her coats, danced therein powerfully, with many a direction to Elsie, her seven-year-old, to "see ye dinna fa' in, or ye'll be carried intae the Kelpie's Hole ablow, an' it'll no be yir mither can bring ye oot." The sun was still shining brightly on the Glen when the distant storm burst on Ben Hornish, whose steep sides drain into the Urtach, that ends in the Tochty. Down the Tochty came the first wave three feet high, bringing on its foaming, yeasty waters, branches of trees, young lambs, a stool from some cottage door, a shepherd's plaid, and all kinds of drift from eddies that had been swept clean. Elspeth heard the roar, and lifted her eyes to see Elsie, who had been playing too near the edge, swept away into the pool beneath, that in less than a minute was a seething cauldron of water that whirled round and round against the rocks before it rushed down the bed of the river.

"Me bairn! Me bairn! God ha' mercy upon her!" and Elspeth's cry rang through the bonny kirk wood and tore through the smiling sky to a God that seemed to give no heed.

"Whar ie she?" was all Posty asked, tearing off his coat and waistcoat, for he had heard the cry as he was going to the mill, and took the lade at a leap to lose no time.

"Yonder, Posty, but ye——" He was

already in the depths, while the mother hung over the edge of the merciless flood. It seemed an hour—it was not actually a minute—before he appeared, with the blood flowing from a gash on his forehead, and hung for a few seconds on a rock for air.

"Come oot, Posty, ye hae a wife and bairns, and ye 'ill be drooned," for Elspeth was a brave-hearted, unselfish woman.

"A'll—hae Elsie first," and down he went again, where the torrent raged against the rocks.

This time he came up at once, with Elsie, a poor little bundle, in his arms. "Tak her quick," he gasped, clinging with one hand to a ragged point; and Elspeth had no sooner gripped Elsie by her frock than Posty flung up his arms and was whirled down the river, now running like a mill-fall, and Elspeth fancied she saw him turning over and over, for he seemed to be insensible.

Within an hour they found his body down below the Lodge, with many wounds on it besides that gash, and they knew at once that he had been dashed to death against the stones.

They carried him to the Lodge, the Colonel insisting on being a bearer, and for two hours by the clock they did their best for Posty.

"It's no a drop o' water 'ill droon Posty," said Jamie Soutar, "and that his ain Tochty; an' as for a clout blow on the head, what's that tae a man like Posty? He 'ill be on the road the morning." But Jamie spoke with the fierce assurance of a man that fears the worst and is afraid of breaking down.

"The water has been ower muckle for him in the end," one said to Airchie Moncur, who had long striven to make a teetotaller of Posty, as they went home together, "though he did'na give in ta the end."

"A doot a was a wee hard on him, Jamie"—Airchie was the tenderest heart in the Glen and was much loved; "but there was nae man a likit better."

"Yir tongue was naethin' tae mine, Airchie, when a yokit in him. But he bore nae ill will, did Posty. He had an awfu' respeck for ye, an' aye spoke o' ye as his friend."

"Sae a was. Who wud na be? He had a true heart, had Posty, and nae jukery-packery (trickery) aboot him."

"An' a grawnd heid tai—there was naebody in the Glen cud met him in theology, except may be Jamie Soutar. And did ye ever hear him say an ill word aboot onybody?"

"Never, Jamie; an' thar was naebody he was na interested in. The black-edged letters aye burned his fingers; he hated tae deliver them. He was a' body's friend, was Posty," went on Airchie, "an' naebody's enemy."

"He deed like a man," concluded James. "There's just ae consolation—the lassie's comin' roond find."

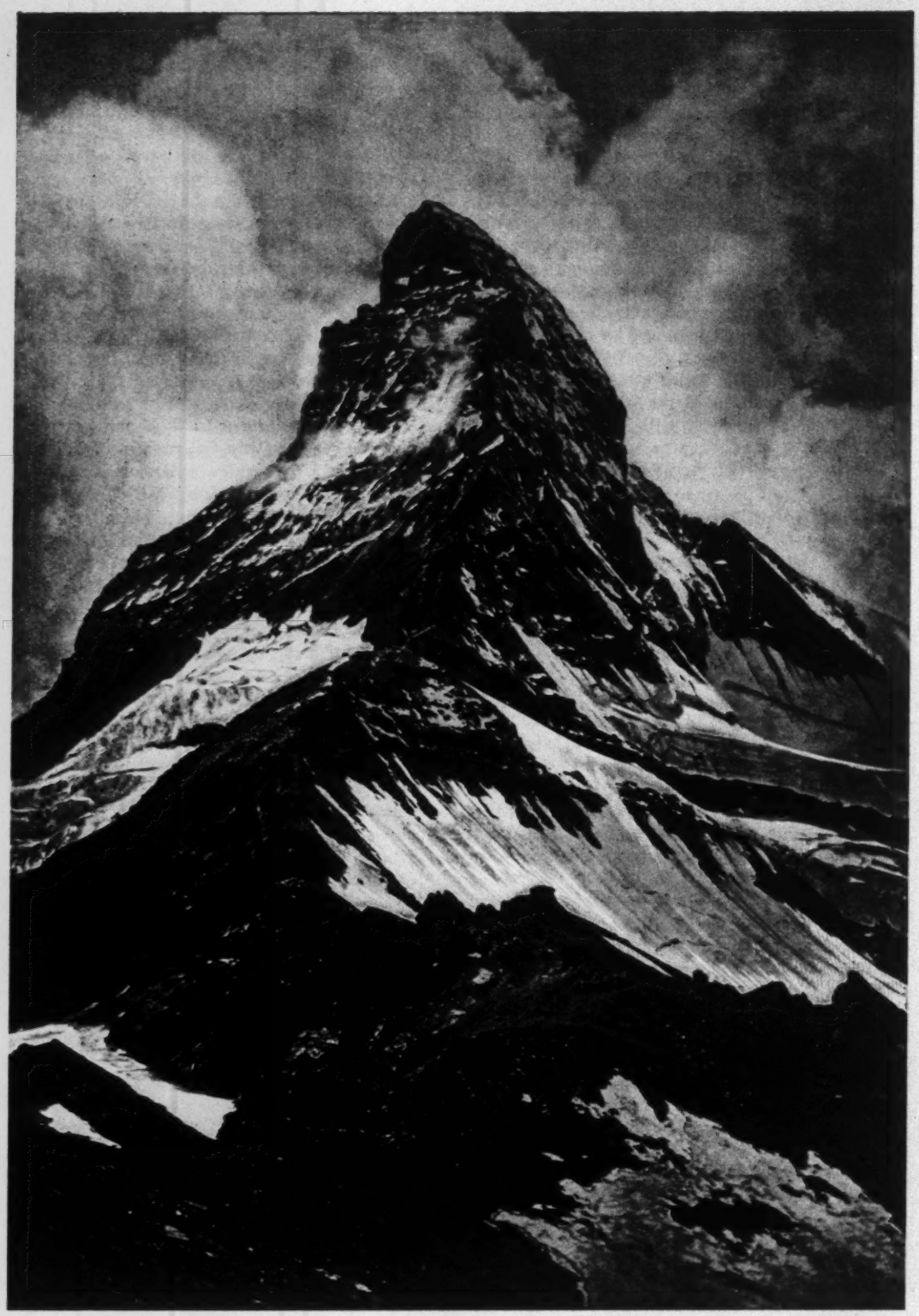
When the new Free Kirk minister was settled in Drumtochty, Jamie Soutar told him the story on the road one day, and put him to the test.

"What think ye, sir, becam o' Posty on the ither side?" and Jamie fixed his eyes on Carmichael.

The minister's face grew still whiter.

"Did ye ever read what shall be done to any man that hurts one of God's bairns? It 'ill be the opposite with Posty;" and he said softly, "whose angels do continually behold the face of the Father."

"Yir hand, sir," said Jamie; and when the heresy trial began at Muirtown, Jamie prophesied Carmichael's triumphant acquittal, declaring him a theologian of the first order.



THE MATTERHORN.

From a photograph. By the kind permission of Mr. Frank Hegger, New York.

CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR MOUNTAINEER.

By Garrett P. Serviss,

Author of "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," etc.

IGHT times Edward Whymper strove to ascend the Matterhorn, and eight times he failed. The ninth time he succeeded. That was on July 14, 1865. But the cost of success was appalling. In the little Zermatt churchyard last summer I saw the graves of three of the victims; the mountain crags never surrendered the bones of the fourth.

Until Mr. Whymper's successful ascent, no foot, except perhaps an eagle's, had ever pressed the proud head of that incomparable mountain. The best and bravest guides in the Alps had in vain essayed to win it. Switzerland was pitted against Italy in the strife to be first at the summit. But no experience taught sufficient skill and no courage was complete enough to achieve victory over the giant. Professor Tyndall, whose summer playground was Switzerland, had more than once made the attempt, but, recoiling from the menace of the final precipice, had at last given it up.

According to the traditions handed down among the hardy inhabitants of the surrounding valleys, the great Alp was not only inaccessible to man, but was guarded by demons jealous of its virginity. On wild winter nights, when the wind roared in the gorges of the Visp, and the ground trembled with the thunder of avalanches, the mountains waging war upon the valleys, stories were told of a strange city perched upon the topless crags of the awful Matterhorn, whose spires and battlements could be seen red in the rising sun, grim black at sunset, and gleaming like silver when the moon hung full above the peak. The faith of those who believed these things was not shaken by the assertion of less imaginative observers that the phantom city was only the pinnacles of the mountain transfigured by the magic of light and shadow.

It is not surprising that the Matterhorn was believed to be insurmountable, and that such legends clustered about it. The many thousands of travellers who have gazed with astonishment at its towering form from Zermatt, the Gorner Grat, the Riffel, Breuil, the Val Tournanche, and other surrounding points, will readily testify to the incredible appearance which it presents. It is a mountain from dreamland! Even while looking at it one cannot comprehend Nature's trick in equilibrium when she set it aloft with its feet buried in glaciers and its head soaring amidst the blue. It looks as though it had been conceived in a nightmare and uplifted in some mysterious age when "negative gravity" was the law of the earth—a maniac of mountains, savage, threatening, terrible, and yet resistlessly attractive.

Ten thousand feet that wonderful peak towers above the high green meadows of Zermatt and fourteen thousand eight hundred feet above sea level, and in every foot of its stature there is a defiance—defiance to gravitation to pull it down, but gravitation will do it in the end; defiance to vegetation to cast a shred of covering over its gaunt shoulders; defiance to man and the mountain goat to scale its precipices; yet the former has accepted the challenge and won, though the latter is too wisely prudent to attempt the impossible.

I shall not undertake to recall here the story of the first ascent of the Matterhorn; I merely wish to recall the circumstances of the dreadful accident that attended it, the most tragic in the force of its appeal to the imagination that the annals of mountaineering contain. The party consisted of seven men—Edward Whymper, then already well known as an Alpine climber; the Rev. Charles Hudson, vicar of Skillington, Kent, a celebrated amateur mountaineer; Lord Francis Douglas, who was not without considerable experience in mountain work; Douglas Robert Hadow, a young undergraduate of Cambridge University, whose greatest feat of mountaineering hitherto had been the ascent of Mount Blanc, a tiresome but not a difficult undertaking; Michel Croz, one of the best guides of his day; Peter Taugwalder, also an experienced guide, and young Peter Taugwalder, then comparatively new to his profession.

On attempting to descend, after enjoying their well-won triumph on the summit, and when they had arrived at a point just above the brink of the awful precipice that falls three-quarters of a mile down to the cradle of the Matterhorn glacier, Mr. Hadow, it seems, lost his nerve. Croz, the guide, was below him cutting steps, and then taking hold of Mr. Hadow's feet in order to set them, one by one, into their proper places. All seven were tied together with a rope, and those above—the last one being Mr. Whymper, who was about one hundred feet behind Croz—were waiting for the leaders to descend a step or two before moving down themselves. As Croz turned, after placing Mr. Hadow in position, the latter slipped, and knocked Croz from his foothold. The jerk on the rope instantly dragged the Rev. Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas from their places. Croz, in falling, uttered a warning cry, and Mr. Whymper and the two Taugwalders gripped such projections of the rocks as were within their reach, and braced themselves for the shock. The rope being taut between them, the strain came upon the three together, and they held fast; but the rope broke in midair, between the elder Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas.

"For a few seconds," says Mr. Whymper, "we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height!"

The survivors, appalled by what they had beheld, remained for half an hour motionless, and clinging to the face of the mountain. The guides, Mr. Whymper says, were unnerved, and afraid to descend farther. Finally they cautiously moved downward, fixing ropes to the rocks to aid them,

SCALING THE FACE OF A CLIFF BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

but for two hours they were in continual peril of death. Several times, Mr. Whymper says, "old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said, with terrible emphasis, '*I cannot!*'"

The bodies of Croz, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow were found on the Matterhorn glacier, but that of Lord Francis Douglas remained somewhere among the precipices above.

Peter Taugwalder (the young Peter of Mr. Whymper's narrative, but now himself an elderly man, and with the exception of Mr. Whymper the only remaining survivor of the famous catastrophe) pointed out to me the place where, twenty-nine years before, the fatal slip had occurred, while we clung to the same grim brow of the mountain on the sixth of August last year.

FINDING A GUIDE AND MAKING A START.

I had arrived in Zermatt on Saturday night, August 4th. Early on Sunday morning, as I came from the breakfast-room of the Mont Cervin, I met the *concierge* of the hotel and said to him:

"I am going to climb the Matterhorn. Where shall I look for guides?"

He stared at me a moment, and then, pointing to the hotel office, said: "Oh, you'll have to see Mr. Seiler about that."

Evidently he did not regard me as a promising candidate for Alpine honors, but having no pretensions in that direction I was not offended. Entering the office I found Mr. Oesch, the secretary, who at once took an interest in my project. He laid it before Mr. Seiler, and the latter, leaving his breakfast, came to cross-examine me. He began by asking if I had had much experience in the high Alps. I replied no, but I had spent a night on the top of Pike's Peak, in America, which was almost as lofty as the Matterhorn. I did not add that I had ridden up Pike's Peak in a railroad car, and that people ascend it every day on mule-back. If I had told him that, perhaps I should not have climbed the Matterhorn. But it was not with any intent to deceive him that I withheld the information, for I supposed that he only wished to know whether I could endure the effects of the rare atmosphere at great elevations.

Still he demurred a little, and advised me to try some less difficult peaks first, and so approach by degrees the attempt on the Matterhorn. But I insisted that I had no time to wait to be trained; besides, the air had just cleared after two or three days of rain in the valleys and snow upon the mountains, and the opportunity of good weather should not be thrown away.

"But where is your outfit?" he said, looking at my tourist's dress.

"I have none," I replied, "but I will procure whatever may be needed. By the way, I have a pair of shoes which I bought at Kandersteg to walk over the Gemmi in."

"Let me see them, please."

I had thought that they were rather stout shoes—certainly they were heavy enough, and the nails with which the soles and heels were studded looked quite formidable to the eyes of a novice. But Mr. Seiler frowned when he saw them.

"Too weak in the shank," he said, bending the soles. "You must have shoes that will not yield when you place your toe upon a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice. Besides, these nails are worthless; good enough for the Gemmi, but absolutely dangerous on the Matterhorn."

I began to wonder what sort of spikes I should be compelled to wear on my feet. So far, perhaps, I had in my secret mind treated the matter rather too lightly. But now Mr. Seiler's manner impressed me with a sense of the gravity of the undertaking. His younger brother, together with the guide who accompanied him, had been killed on the Matterhorn just a year before.

Finally, while I was debating how I should be able to buy the right kind of shoes on a Sunday, Mr. Oesch came to the rescue by informing me that he knew a shoemaker who would put suitable nails in the shoes I had, and adding that inasmuch as I was rather light in person those shoes, when properly ironed, would answer. Mr. Seiler assented to this arrangement, and promised to pick out my guides for me, and to see that I was furnished with a carefully selected ice-axe. When the shoes were returned from the shoemaker's I was considerably surprised to find that the new nails were no longer than those that had been removed to make room for them, but they were broader and square-headed. Mr. Oesch explained that they were hand-made from soft iron, and possessed the property of getting a hold on bare rock as well as of indenting ice. Besides, they were not brittle.

"It would never do to go without them," he remarked. "You will find many places where a good nail may save your life, and a poor one would throw your life away."

I asked myself if that could be so. Less

than twenty-four hours later I discovered that he had spoken the literal truth.

The beauty of the morning was perfect. The little valley was a cup of sunshine. The white peaks on its brim stood out against the bright blue sky in silhouettes of snow. I strolled along the narrow, stony street to the old church where worshippers were thronging in, and the sound of solemn music stealing out floated sweet upon the quiet air. Conspicuous among the tombstones on one side of the churchyard was a granite cross bearing the name of Michel Croz, erected to his memory, as the inscription recorded, by his fellow guides and cantonmen of Valais. On the opposite side of the church, in a sunny nook of the eastern wall, I found the tomb of the Rev. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Hadow. Near them, side by side, are buried three other victims of the precipices. Across from the Mont Cervin Hotel, on a grassy knoll surrounded with a garden of Alpine plants, stands the English church, and ranged along its west wall is still a third row of tombs commemorating other adventurers who aspired to scale those mighty heights, and passed, instead, the precipice of eternity.

Returning to the hotel I found my guides ready to depart, and was delighted on learning that Peter Taugwalder was to be the leader. The other guide was Emil Graven, a stout young mountaineer of growing reputation. We started off at once for the hotel on the Schwarzsee highland, where I was to procure provisions for the party and woollen stockings and mittens for myself. On our arrival there the guides provided themselves each with a bundle of fagots, for at the *cabane* on the Hörnli, where we proposed to pass the night, we should be far above the line of vegetation and well within that of perpetual snow, and fire would be indispensable. The Hörnli is a kind of projecting foot of the Matterhorn. From it a shattered ridge runs down toward Zermatt, dividing two deep valleys choked with ice. The *cabane*, erected by the Alpine Club on the upper extremity of the Hörnli ridge, is constructed of slabs of stone, and stands amid snow on the verge of a precipitous slope. Its elevation is about ten thousand eight hundred feet above sea level. It is furnished with an old stove, sleeping platforms, and woollen blankets. At the *cabane*, which we reached about half-past five, P. M., the guides made tea, and we partook of a frugal supper. It was too chilly to linger long outside studying the magnificent view, and before nine o'clock I was wrapped in my blanket and trying to sleep. But sleep was not easily wooed with the ice-cold air pinching one's nose, and thoughts of the morrow rising unbidden in the mind.

Shortly after two o'clock in the morning the guides were astir, preparing breakfast, and at half-past two we stepped out upon the snow, the rope was unrolled, and the middle of it was tied around my waist. Each of the guides then attached himself to one of the ends, Taugwalder before and Graven behind me. I don't know how a criminal led to execution feels, but I know how I felt when this suggestive proceeding was finished.

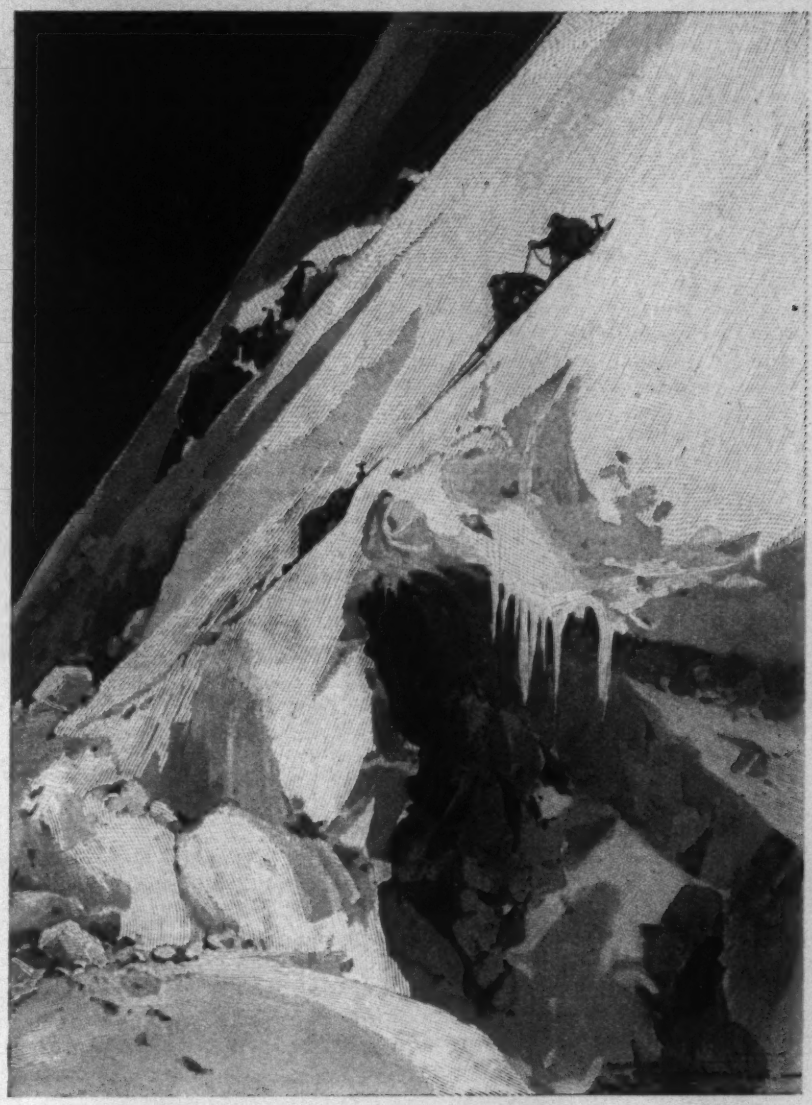
There was as yet no indication of coming day. The heavens were cloudless, and the Matterhorn, rising athwart the Milky Way, seemed to hang in the sky, blotting out the stars. Picking up a lantern, Taugwalder led the way around a corner of the stone hut and out upon an almost level stretch of snow, from which our feet awoke a low musical humming in the tense, frosty air. Almost before I was aware of it we were treading on the edge of a precipice which seemed, in the darkness, of abysmal depth, while the crusted snow that curled over its brink frequently broke under our weight. The first time this thing happened, the impression flashed across my mind that I was dropping through a snow roof projecting from the precipice like the eaves of a house. However, there was no use in shrinking away from the verge, for the snow-field was uptilted in such a manner that on the opposite side it ran steeply down into a gulf of black obscurity.

ON THE FACE OF A CLIFF, CLINGING TO CRAGS.

Presently we turned to the left, quitted the snow, and in a moment were out on the face of a cliff, clinging to crags and ledges, with the upper edge of a glacier dimly visible far beneath us. I had been in a rather jaunty mood heretofore, but this exeprience sobered my mind in an instant. We worked our way diagonally across the cliff until we reached a higher part of the glacier that rose to our level, and then stepped out upon the ice. Here for the first time I heard the ring of an ice-axe, cutting steps. It was like the first shot of the enemy to the ear of the new recruit. This portion of the glacier was steep and smooth, and the lamplight occasionally revealed a huge crack, or one of those round holes called moulins, into which

a person falling would disappear as in a well. For a considerable distance we ascended on the back of the glacier, but presently the mountain became too steep for the ice to get a grip upon it, and then we took to the crags again, now climbing directly upward, now working to the right or left around vertical places.

My inexperience made the rope a source of considerable perplexity to me, for it was continually getting tangled with my feet, while my hands were fully employed above. Then, in crawling sideways on the front of a precipice, it was sometimes necessary, while hanging on with fingers and toes, to crouch in order to save one's head from knocking against projections above. At such times I found the rope particularly troublesome, although it would have afforded my only chance for life if I had fallen. But after an hour or two I acquired a little skill in managing it.



THE PASSAGE OF A CREVASSE.

Climbing in such places by the dim and uncertain light of a lantern was also somewhat trying, and I was glad when, at last, a gray dawn broke upon the rocks, and Taugwalder blew out his lantern and placed it in a crevice, to be picked up on our return. Now, at least, one could see what was below and above him.

When day began we were high up on the eastern face of the mountain, that which is seen from Zermatt, the Riffel, and the Gorner Grat. But the hardest work was yet before us. Glancing up at the peak I saw it shining in the morning sun, and apparently as far away and inaccessible as the gilded apex of a thunder-cloud. The immense ridge, or *arête*, the continuation of the Hörnli, that runs down like a great wall between the Furggen glacier on one side and the Matterhorn glacier on the other, was an amazing sight. It is crowned with impossible-looking turrets, which, at first glance, seemed actually to be hanging over our heads a thousand feet above. It was hard to persuade one's self that they were not about to fall headlong and involve the entire mountain side in their ruin. Yet I knew that that ferocious ridge, hacked and split and wrenched into fantastic and terri-

fying shapes, would presently become our only pathway to the top of the Matterhorn. It was just under this ridge that we passed the old cabin of the Alpine Club, now abandoned and filled to the door with blue ice.

Higher, we left the face of the mountain and got upon the crest of the *arête*. Here were places where one had to balance himself carefully, while the fatigue resulting from the constant use of every limb did not, to say the least, increase one's control over his muscles. It is a simple matter to stand on a ledge only a few inches broad, when it is near the ground; but put your ledge above-cloud level, get up upon it out of breath, let void space yawn round your feet, and recollect that it is only the friction of your fingers against the projecting rocks beside you and above your head that retains you where you are, and you will find that a very entertaining metaphysical element has entered into the problem of how to keep the centre of gravity within the base.

"Where is the worst place?" I inquired several times.

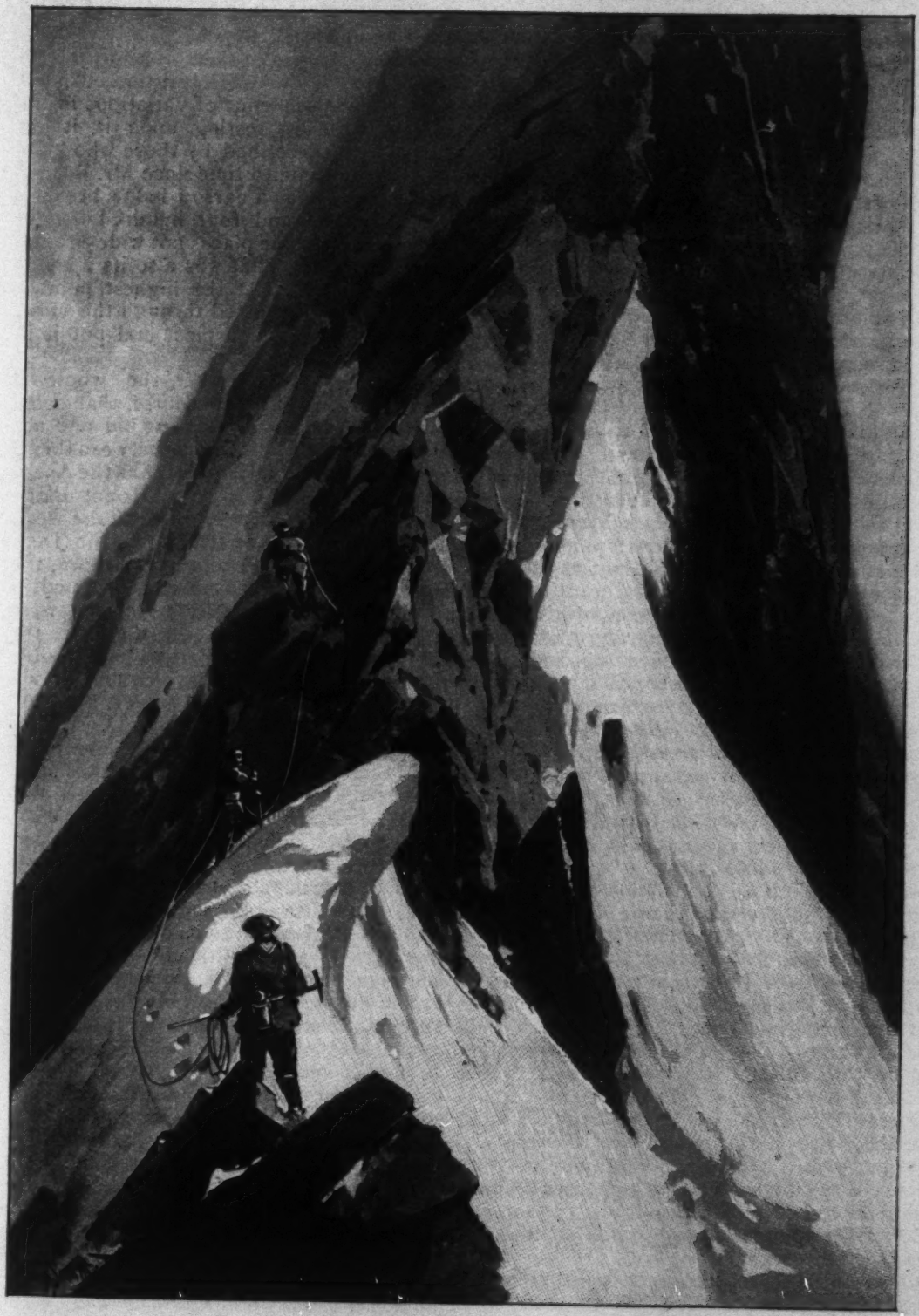
"Not yet, not yet," was the reply; "the Shoulder is the worst."

Every visitor to Zermatt will remember seeing a curious knob near the middle of the upper part of the Matterhorn, which appears to project from the side of the mountain, being dark underneath and white with snow on top. The guides call this the "Shoulder." It is a fearful spot. We approached it by ascending a steep slope of snow resting upon ice which, in turn, lay upon rock that seemed too smooth to hold it. Having clambered upon the end of the Shoulder overhanging the tremendous precipice seen from Zermatt, we were compelled to turn to the left, for ahead of us everything dropped out of sight. This manœuvre brought us upon something that I can only describe as a great knife-edge of the mountain, rising sheer out of precipitous depths, and connecting the *arête* we had just quitted with the main mass of the upper part of the peak. This marvellous ridge, which is also a portion of the Shoulder, is composed of broken rock cemented with ice, and tipped with scallops of snow as translucent as porcelain and beautifully moulded by the wind. The rock on the top was in some places but a few inches wide, and the hard snow capping it ran to a sharp edge, and had frequently to be broken off in order to make room for the hands and feet. Sometimes on my feet, sometimes on hands and knees, and sometimes astride, I got across.

THE WORST OF ALL THE PRECIPICES.

But when we had attained the farther end of the ridge our situation was not improved. We had come up against the face of the worst of all the precipices, that which runs like a coronet round the very brow of the mountain. Here the rock had very few projections upon it—nothing that could be called ledges—and to the eye glancing upward it seemed impossible that anybody could climb upon so smooth a wall, and one, moreover, which glistened in many places with a covering of thin, transparent ice. Yet climb it we did. The fingers, the toes, the knees, the elbows, needed no separate urgings to work together for the common safety, but all instinctively found indentations, rugosities, cracks, and frictional surfaces to which they could, more or less effectively, cling. I had before, in less trying places, learned to pull off my woollen mittens with my teeth, preferring, when every movement might involve the question of life or death, to trust the superior gripping power of the bare fingers. The startled ear heard frequently the jingling of loosened ice beginning a downward journey of which it would not do to think. It would have been just as well, perhaps, not to have known that the all-swallowing abyss, which I rather felt than saw was getting more and more squarely beneath us as, sloping toward the right, we slowly crept upward, was the four-thousand-foot horror over whose brink Michel Croz and his doomed companions had vanished from the living world. And when at length we reached a place of comparative security, it was not possible to avoid a momentary reflection on the fact that we must go down where we come up! If one were compelled to do such a thing against his will it would seem like the infliction of the cruellest torture. The Matterhorn can teach more self-mastery in a day than the ordinary mortal acquires in a lifetime. Fortunately there was little time for meditation. No sooner was one breathless scramble finished than another determined effort had to be put forth. And still the far-off summit rode the sky like a cloud.

Soon after leaving the Shoulder we began to find, here and there, pieces of rope, about as large as a clothesline, dangling from the rocks above. They were blackened by the weather, stiffened with ice, and frayed by the switchings of tempests, so that altogether their appearance was



ON THE SHOULDER.

uninviting. I was warned not to bear too strongly upon them, but always to keep a grip on the rock and put most of the weight there. In one or two instances small chains took the place of ropes, and these, though covered with rust, looked safer; but I am inclined to think that it would be better if they were all away.

One of the perils of the Matterhorn comes from falling rocks. Starting high aloft, they can find no stopping place. Their first touch is like the crack of a gun; the second is an explosion. In great parabolic curves they leap and soar until they burst into shivers. There is nowhere so magnificent an object lesson in the law of gravitation as that presented by these falling stones of the Matterhorn. Above the Shoulder we came upon one of the most perilous localities for falling rocks, and hurried over it, yet none fell while we were there. More than once, when, completely out of breath with the unaccustomed exertions I had put forth, I begged for a moment's respite to recover my wind, the guides would not allow a pause, saying that a shower of stones might assail us at any instant. There is no question that they were right; yet, as a matter of fact, no stone fell near us during the entire ascent and the subsequent descent. Indeed, I do not remember that among all the victims of the Matterhorn a single one has been killed by a falling rock. But a guide once had his haversack cut in two by a flying stone that just missed his shoulder, and several climbers have been injured by such missiles. Ordinarily these projectiles, like great shells, give abundant warning of their approach.

The arrival on the summit was as sensational an experience as any one could wish for. We had got upon another spindling ridge as narrow as that at the Shoulder, and pieces of its frost-work cornice fell at a touch and shot downward in a manner that made one exceedingly careful of his footsteps. The precipice under this ridge, on the left-hand side, was not merely vertical, it absolutely overhung; and the necessity of caution kept my attention fixed upon the work immediately in hand, so that before I was fully aware how near we were to the end I suddenly heard Taugwalder shout, "The top!"

"Yes, monsieur, the top!" called out Graven behind me.

I took three steps, and another would have sent me whirling six thousand feet down into Italy!

THE SUMMIT AND A LOOK ABOUT.

Although the summit of the Matterhorn gradually changes in shape, partly through disintegration of the schistose rock, but mainly in consequence of variations in the amount of snow resting upon it, it has always been described by those who have seen it from time to time since Mr. Whymper's first visit as a narrow ledge between three hundred and four hundred feet in length, and in some places not wide enough to stand upon. That was also its appearance as I saw it. At the highest point a comb of rock projected through the snow, and I knocked off a piece and put it in my pocket.

The view ranged over the whole of Switzerland (except, of course, that some of the surrounding mountains hid one another, as well as the valleys between them) and over northern Italy as far as the Apennines. The snowy dome of Mount Blanc rose high above all the peaks of the west. The nearer Alps, Monte Rosa, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Breithorn, the Rothhorn, the Rimpfischhorn, gleamed in the sunshine, and great glaciers were spread out like floors on the east, the north, and the west. Zermatt was visible far, far below on the Swiss side, but Breuil, at the Italian foot, was under a cloud. Most of the plain of Lombardy was also buried in mist, and a very remarkable spectacle was produced by the pouring of white clouds from Italy over the mountain wall joining the base of the Matterhorn with the Théodulehorn. Thousands of feet beneath us these billowy clouds rose from the Val Tournanche, surmounted the lofty wall, and then tumbled in a cataract down into Switzerland. Swirling and tossing they swept a short distance across the Furggen and Théodule glaciers, and then, in mid-air, vanished. There was no cessation in the advance from the Italian side, no thinning out of the clouds behind; yet beyond a certain line they could not go, could not even exist, but on reaching it melted instantly into nothingness.

A wind that would hardly have been noticed below proved disagreeable here, and we remained but a short time on the summit. Even the most experienced guide cannot enter lightly upon a descent from the Matterhorn, and for a beginner the mere idea of going down some of the places we had come up was a thing to be banished from the mind as quickly as possible. It was to be done, but it was not

to be thought upon in advance of the doing. The cheerfulness of the situation was not enhanced for me by the fact that during the latter half of the climb I had been suffering from "mountain sickness," brought on by the combined effects of strong tea, rare air, and exhausting muscular labor. It is as hard an ill to bear as seasickness, but luckily it does not affect the head—at least it did not in my case. If it had done so I should have been unable to proceed, for on the Matterhorn vertigo is entirely inadmissible. If you cannot stand unmoved with your toes over the margin of a precipice, you have no business there. I wonder what would be the fate of a person who should become helplessly ill on the top of that mountain. There is no shelter and no means of shelter on the snowy and windy ridge, and one who had not command of all his faculties could by no possibility descend from it. Some years ago a guide, seized with sickness at the hut on the Italian side, nearly two thousand feet below the summit, was left alone by his comrades while they went down after help. When the rescuers arrived the man was dead. A subsequent writer declared that the sick man had been condemned to death by the mere act of leaving him there. But, in any case, he could hardly have been taken down alive, although he was below all the most difficult places.

A DESCENT THAT TRIED THE NERVES MORE THAN THE ASCENT.

Carefully treading once more the snow-topped ridge, we began the descent. Its worst feature immediately became manifest; the eyes could no longer avoid the vacuity that gaped beneath us. Taugwalder, in virtue of his greater experience, now assumed the last place, where he could lend the most effective aid if a slip occurred; I remained in the middle and Graven led. Constant vigilance was the price of life. Theoretically, and I believe practically as well, the rope by which one is fastened to his guides is an assurance of comparative safety for all three; yet there were many points where I could not help wondering whether, if I should slip, Taugwalder, man of iron though he was, would not come tumbling after me, and where I was morally certain that if one of the others fell I should go along with him into the depths. Fortunately there was no test case; I did not make a misstep or a slip at any critical point. In the most dangerous places only one person moved at a time. The leading guide went on until he was so placed that he could get a good grip on the rocks, or a safe hold with his ice-axe. Then I followed and took his place, while he pushed on to another holding, and then the last man joined me, and it became my turn to move again.

It was with a peculiar sensation that one approached the verge of a precipice and, turning on his face, began to let himself down backward, feeling with his toes for ledges that he could not see, and that might not exceed a fraction of an inch in width, but to which he must intrust as much of his weight as his fingers, clutching similar projections above, were unable to support, while, with one leg dangling, he reached down for another precarious foothold. And whenever he glanced between his body and the rock to see what his feet were about he caught a thrilling glimpse of precipice below precipice and crag under crag, whose plaything he would become if his head dizzied, his eyes swam, or his muscles refused instantly to perform their whole duty. Such are some of the joys of the Matterhorn! I do not say it mockingly; I am giving a record of psychological impressions, and these things, like any mastering of human weakness, are a joy in recollection. Burke proved that terror is a source of the sublime, and sublimity is certainly a source of joy.

The work of descent was not as exhausting to the physical forces as that of ascent, but it was even a heavier tax on the nerves, and it required an equal expenditure of time. We had been about seven hours in climbing from the *cabane* to the summit, a distance but little exceeding a mile in an air line, and we were as long in getting back to the *cabane* again. The guides, of course, could have made the round trip much quicker, perhaps in half the time, but not being trained in such work I required frequent stops to recover my breath, as well as to struggle with the nausea, which did not leave me when we got to the top, but accompanied me down to the Schwarzsee Hotel, where it finally yielded to a good night's sleep. I would not, however, convey the impression that the guides, if unaccompanied, would be in any degree careless, although they might travel more rapidly. There are no more careful men in the world. They consider the consequences of every step before they take it, for they know better than anybody else that their lives depend upon their caution.

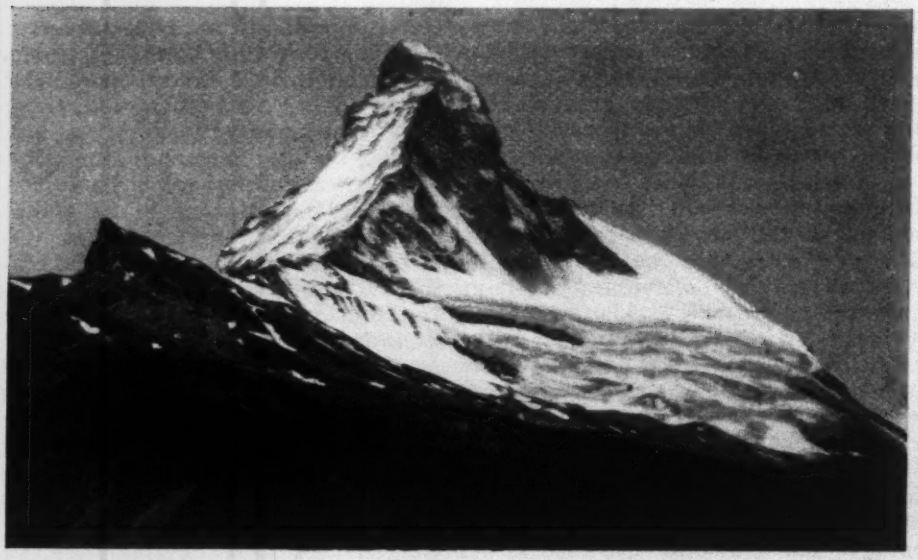
On the ice slope, covered with snow, just

below the Shoulder, we went down backward on all fours, thus distributing our weight as widely as possible, in order to prevent the loose snow, now softened by the sun, from starting in an avalanche, which would have carried us to inevitable destruction. When we reached the glacier above the *cabane*, which had witnessed the beginning of our adventures before daylight, it was not without deep interest that I saw its surface dotted with fragments of rock that had fallen during our absence, and some of which had ploughed and gouged the ice right in our track. When we passed, before sunrise, the cliffs above were hard frozen. Later the morning sunbeams falling upon them had released the rocks pried loose by the frost over night, but held until then in the grip of the ice, and sent them spinning downward. On our return in the afternoon the sun had left the cliffs again, and the falling of rocks had practically ceased.

We paused to make a cup of tea at the *cabane*, and while Taugwalder and Graven were building a fire I stood outside, the spectator of a curious phenomenon. The sun was hidden behind the Matterhorn, and an immense beam of light, forty degrees in length, like the tail of a gigantic comet, extended straight out from the apex of the peak, and seemed to be brandished over Switzerland. It required but little imagination to picture a mighty angel standing there to guard the paradise of snow against the intrusion of mortal footsteps from the lower world, and I could readily understand how such meteorological wonders as this must have been potent in producing those early traditions which proclaimed the Matterhorn a sacred mountain whose secrets were forbidden to man.

When we reached the Schwarzsee the magnificent mountain had rolled a cloudy turban about its head, and an Englishman with his guides, whom we met on their way to the *cabane*, returned the next forenoon, reporting that upon ascending to a point below the Shoulder they had been pelted back by hail. When I again saw the sun shining on the peak its terrific precipices had their brows encircled with chaplets of new-fallen snow.

I have been asked twenty times if the view from the top of the Matterhorn repays one for the effort expended in climbing it. No, it does not. But, then, it is not for the view that one climbs the Matterhorn. Some of my friends appear to think that I had an idea of establishing an observatory on the top of the mountain. An observatory would be useless, if it could be placed there. The atmosphere of the Alps is not the kind of air the astronomer is in search of. I had no ulterior purpose whatever. Do you not know that there are some things which are worth doing for their own sake?



THE LOST CIPHER.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH COURT.

By Stanley J. Weyman,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

ON the 15th of August, 1601, I sailed from Dover, and, crossing to Calais without mishap, anticipated with pleasure the king's satisfaction when he should hear the result of my mission, and learn from my mouth the just and friendly sentiments which Queen Elizabeth entertained towards him.

Unfortunately I was not able to impart these on the instant. During my absence a trifling matter had carried the king to Dieppe, whence his anxiety on the queen's account, who was shortly to be brought to bed, led him to take the road to Paris. When I reached the Arsenal I found the Louvre vacant, the queen, who lay at Fontainebleau, having summoned the king thither. Ferret, his secretary, however, awaited me with a letter, in which Henry, after expressing his desire to see me, bade me nevertheless stay in Paris a day to transact some business. "Then," he continued, "come to me, my friend, and we will discuss the matter of which you know. In the meantime send me your papers by Ferret, who will give you a receipt for them."

Suspecting no danger in a course which was usual enough, I hastened to comply. Summoning Maignan, who, whenever I travelled, carried my portfolio, I unlocked it, and emptying the papers in a mass on the table, handed them in detail to Ferret. Presently, to my astonishment, I found that one, and this the most important, was missing. I went over the papers again and again, and yet again. Still it was not to be found.

Whenever I travelled on a mission of importance I wrote my despatches in one of three modes, according as they were of little, great, or the first importance: in ordinary characters, that is; in a cipher to which the council possessed the key, or in a cipher to which only the king and I held keys. This last, as it was seldom used, was rarely changed; but it was my duty, on my return from each mission, immediately to remit my key to the king, who deposited it in a safe place until another occasion for its use arose.

It was this key which was missing. I had been accustomed to carry it in the portfolio with the other papers, but in a sealed envelope which I broke and again sealed with my own signet whenever I had occasion to use the cipher. I had last seen the envelope at Calais, when I handed the portfolio to Maignan before beginning my journey to Paris; the portfolio had not since been opened, yet the sealed packet was missing.

More than a little uneasy, I recalled Maignan, who had withdrawn after delivering up his charge. "You rascal!" I said with some heat. "Has this been out of your custody?"

"The bag?" he answered, looking at it. Then his face changed. "You have cut your finger, my lord," he said.

I had cut it slightly in unbuckling the portfolio, and a drop or two of blood had fallen on the papers. But his reference to it at this moment, when my mind was full of my loss, angered me, and even awoke my suspicions. "Silence!" I said, "and answer me. Have you let this bag out of your possession?"

This time he replied straightforwardly that he had not.

"Nor unlocked it?"

"I have no key, your excellency."

That was true; and as I had at bottom the utmost confidence in his fidelity, I pursued the inquiry no farther in that direction, but made another search among the papers. This also failing to bring the packet to light, and Ferret being in haste to be gone, I was obliged for the moment to put up with the loss, and draw what comfort I could from the reflection that no despatch in the missing cipher was extant. Whoever had stolen it, therefore, another could be substituted for it and no one the worse. Still I was unwilling that the king should hear of the mischance

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from a stranger, and be led to think me careless; and I bade Ferret be silent about it unless Henry missed the packet, which might not happen before my arrival.

When the secretary, who readily assented, had given me his receipt and was gone, I questioned Maignan afresh and more closely, but with no result. He had not seen me place the packet in the portfolio at Calais, and that I had done so I could vouch only my own memory, which I knew to be fallible. In the meantime, though the mischance annoyed me, I attached no great importance to it; but anticipating that a word of explanation would satisfy the king, and a new cipher dispose of other difficulties, I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Twenty-four hours later, however, I was rudely awakened. A courier arrived from Henry, and, surprising me in the midst of my last preparations at the Arsenal, handed me an order to attend his Majesty—an order couched in the most absolute and peremptory terms, and lacking all those friendly expressions which the king never failed to use when he wrote to me. A missive so brief and so formal—and so needless, for I was on the point of starting—had not reached me for years; and coming at this moment, when I had no reason to expect a reverse of fortune, it had all the effect of a thunder-bolt in a clear sky. I stood stunned, the words which I was dictating to my secretary dying on my lips. For I knew the king too well, and had experienced his kindness too lately, to attribute the harshness of the order to chance or forgetfulness; and assured in a moment that I stood face to face with a grave crisis, I found myself hard put to it to hide my feelings from those about me.

Nevertheless, I did so with an effort; and sending for the courier asked him with an assumption of carelessness what was the latest news at court. His answer, in a measure, calmed my fears, though it could not remove them. He reported that the queen had been taken ill—or so the rumor went.

"Suddenly?" I said.

"This morning," he answered.

"The king was with her?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Had he left her long when he sent this letter?"

"It came from her chamber, your excellency."

"But—did you understand that her Majesty was in danger?" I urged.

As to that, however, the man could not say anything; and I was left to nurse my conjectures during the long ride to Fontainebleau, where we arrived in the cool of the evening, the last stage through the forest awakening memories of past pleasure that combated in vain the disorder and apprehension which held my spirits. Dismounting in the dusk at the door of my apartments, I found a fresh surprise awaiting me in the shape of Monsieur de Concini, the Italian, who, advancing to meet me before my foot was out of the stirrup, announced that he came from the king, who desired my instant attendance in the queen's closet.

Knowing Concini to be one of those whose influence with her Majesty had more than once tempted the king to the most violent measures against her—from which I had with difficulty dissuaded him—I augured the worst from the choice of such a messenger; and, wounded alike in my pride and the affection in which I held the king, could scarcely find words in which to ask him if the queen was ill.

"Indisposed, my lord," he replied carelessly. And he began to whistle.

I told him that I would remove my boots and brush off the dust, and in five minutes be at his service.

"Pardon me," he said, "my orders are strict; and they are to request you to attend his Majesty immediately. He expected you an hour ago."

I was thunderstruck at this—at the message, and at the man's manner—and for a moment I could scarcely restrain my indignation. Fortunately, the habit of self-control came to my aid in time, and I reflected that an altercation with such a person could only lower my dignity. I contented myself, therefore, with signifying my assent by a nod, and without more, followed him towards the queen's apartments.

In the ante-chamber were several persons, who, as I passed, saluted me with an air of shyness and incertitude which was enough of itself to put me on my guard. Concini attended me to the door of the chamber; there he fell back, and Mademoiselle Galigai, who was in waiting, announced me. I entered, assuming a serene countenance, and found the king and queen together, no other person being present. The queen was lying at length on a couch, while Henry, seated on a stool at her feet, seemed to be engaged in soothing and reassuring her. On my entrance he broke off and rose to his feet.

"Here he is at last," he said, barely

looking at me. "Now, if you will, dear heart, ask him your questions. I have had no communication with him, as you know, for I have been with you since morning."

The queen, whose face was flushed with fever, made a fretful movement, but did not answer.

"Do you wish me to ask him?" Henry said with admirable patience.

"If you think it is worth while," she muttered, turning sullenly and eyeing me from the middle of her pillows with disdain and ill-temper.

"I will, then," he answered, and he turned to me. "Monsieur de Rosny," he said in a formal tone, which even without the unaccustomed monsieur, cut me to the heart, "be good enough to tell the queen how the key to my secret cipher, which I intrusted to you, has come to be in Madame de Verneuil's possession."

I looked at him in the profoundest astonishment, and for a moment remained silent, trying to collect my thoughts under this unexpected blow. The queen saw my hesitation and laughed spitefully. "I am afraid, sire," she said, "that you have overrated this gentleman's ingenuity, though doubtless it has been much exercised in your service."

Henry's face grew red with vexation. "Speak, man!" he cried. "How came she by it?"

"Madame de Verneuil?" I said.

The queen laughed again. "Had you not better take him out first, sire," she said scornfully, "and tell him what to say?"

"'Fore God, madame," the king cried passionately, "you try me too far! Have I not told you a hundred times, and sworn to you, that I did not give Madame de Verneuil this key?"

"If you did not give her that," the queen muttered sullenly, picking at the silken coverlid which lay on her feet, "you have given her all else. You cannot deny it."

Henry let a gesture of despair escape him. "Are we to go back to that?" he said. Then turning to me, "Tell her," he said between his teeth; "and tell me. *Ventre Saint Gris*—are you dumb, man?"

Discerning nothing for it at the moment save to bow before this storm which had arisen so suddenly, and from a quarter the least expected, I hastened to comply. I had not proceeded far with my story, however—which fell short, of course, of explaining how the key came to be in Madame de Verneuil's hands—before I saw that it won no credence with the queen, but rather confirmed her in her belief that the king had given to another what he had denied to her. And more, I saw that in proportion as the tale failed to convince her, it excited the king's wrath and disappointment. He several times cut me short with expressions of the utmost impatience, and at last, when I came to a lame conclusion—since I could explain nothing except that the key was gone—he could restrain himself no longer. In a tone in which he had never addressed me before, he asked me why I had not, on the instant, communicated the loss to him; and when I would have defended myself by adducing the reason I have given above, overwhelmed me with abuse and reproaches, which, as they were uttered in the queen's presence, and would be repeated, I knew, to the Concinis and Galigais of her suite, who had no occasion to love me, carried a double sting.

Nevertheless, for a time, and until he had somewhat worn himself out, I let Henry proceed. Then, taking advantage of the first pause, I interposed. Reminding him that he had never had cause to accuse me of carelessness before, I recalled the twenty-two years during which I had served him faithfully, and the enmities I had incurred for his sake; and having by these means placed the discussion on a more equal footing, I descended again to particulars, and asked respectfully if I might know on whose authority Madame de Verneuil was said to have the cipher.

"On her own!" the queen cried hysterically. "Don't try to deceive me, for it will be in vain. I know she has it; and if the king did not give it to her, who did?"

"That is the question, madame," I said.

"It is one easily answered," she retorted. "If you do not know, ask her."

"But, perhaps, madame, she will not answer," I ventured.

"Then command her to answer in the king's name!" the queen replied, her cheeks burning with fever. "And if she will not, then has the king no prisons—no fetters smooth enough for those dainty ankles?"

This was a home question, and Henry, who never showed to less advantage than when he stood between two women, cast a sheepish glance at me. Unfortunately the queen caught the look, which was not intended for her, and on the instant it awoke all her former suspicions. Supposing that she had discovered our collusion, she flung herself back with a cry of rage, and, burst-

ing into a passion of tears, gave way to frantic reproaches, wailing and throwing herself about with a violence which could not but injure one in her condition.

The king stared at her for a moment in sheer dismay. Then his chagrin turned to anger, which, as he dared not vent it on her, took my direction. He pointed impetuously to the door. "Begone, sir!" he said in a passion, and with the utmost harshness. "You have done mischief enough here. God grant that we see the end of it! Go—go!" he continued, quite beside himself with fury. "Send Galigai here, and do you go to your lodging until you hear from me!"

Overwhelmed and almost stupefied by the catastrophe, I found my way out I hardly knew how, and sending in the woman, made my escape from the antechamber. But hasten as I might, my disorder, patent to a hundred curious eyes, betrayed me; and if it did not disclose as much as I feared or the inquisitive desired, told more than any had looked to learn. Within an hour it was known at Nemours that his Majesty had dismissed me with high words—some said with a blow—and half a dozen couriers were on the road to Paris with the news.

In my place some might have given up all for lost; but in addition to a sense of rectitude, and the consciousness of desert, I had to support me an intimate knowledge of the king's temper, which, though I had never suffered from it to this extent before, I knew to be on occasion as hot as his anger was short-lived and his disposition generous. I had hopes, therefore—although I saw dull faces enough among my suite, and some pale ones—that the king's repentance would overtake his anger, and its consequences outstrip any that might flow from his wrath. But though I was not altogether at fault in this, I failed to take into account one thing: I mean Henry's anxiety on the queen's account, her condition, and his desire to have an heir, which so affected the issue that, instead of fulfilling my expectations, the event left me more despondent than before. The king wrote, indeed, and within the hour, and his letter was in form an apology. But it was so lacking in graciousness, so stiff, though it began, "My good friend Rosny," and so insincere, though it referred to my past services, that when I read it I stood awhile gazing at it, afraid to turn lest De Vic and Varennes, who had brought it, should read my disappointment in my face.

For I could not hide from myself that the gist of the letter lay not in the expressions of regret which opened it, but in the complaint which closed it; wherein the king sullenly excused his outbreak on the ground of the magnitude of the interests which my carelessness had endangered, and the opening to harass the queen which I had heedlessly given. "This cipher," he said, "has long been a whim with my wife, from whom, for good reasons well known to you and connected with the Grand Duke's court, I have thought fit to withhold it. Now nothing will persuade her that I have not granted to another what I refused her. I tremble, my friend, lest you be found to have done more ill to France in a moment of carelessness than all your services have done good."

It was not difficult to find a threat underlying these words, nor to discern that if the queen's fancy remained unshaken, and ill came of it, the king would hardly forgive me. Recognizing this, and that I was face to face with a crisis from which I could not escape but by the use of my utmost powers, I assumed a serious and thoughtful air, and, without affecting to disguise the fact that the king was displeased with me, dismissed the envoys with a few civil speeches, in which I did not fail to speak of his Majesty in terms that even malevolence could not twist to my disadvantage.

When they were gone, doubtless to tell Henry how I had taken it, I sat down to supper with La Font, Boisrueil, and two or three gentlemen of my suite, and, without appearing too cheerful, contrived to eat with my usual appetite. Afterwards I withdrew in the ordinary course to my chamber, and being now at liberty to look the situation in the face, found it as serious as I had feared. The falling man has few friends; he must act quickly if he would retain any. I was not slow in deciding that my sole chance of an honorable escape lay in discovering—and that within a few hours—who stole the cipher and conveyed it to Madame de Verneuil, and in placing before the queen such evidence of this as must convince her.

By way of beginning, I summoned Maignan and put him through a severe examination. Later, I sent for the rest of my household—such, I mean, as had accompanied me—and ranging them against the walls of my chamber, took a flambeau in my hand and went the round of them, questioning each, and marking his air and aspect as he answered. But with no result;

so that, after following some clues to no purpose, and suspecting several persons who cleared themselves on the spot, I became assured that the chain must be taken up at the other end, and the first link found among Madame de Verneuil's following.

By this time it was nearly midnight, and my people were dropping with fatigue. Nevertheless, a sense of the desperate nature of the case animating them, they formed themselves voluntarily into a kind of council, all feeling their probity attacked, in which various modes of forcing the secret from those who held it were proposed—Maignan's suggestions being especially violent. Doubting, however, whether Madame had more than one confidant, I secretly made up my mind to a course which none dared to suggest; and then dismissing all to bed, kept only Maignan to lie in my chamber, that if any points occurred to me in the night I might question him on them.

At four o'clock I called him, and bade him go out quietly and saddle two horses. This done, I slipped out myself without arousing any one, and, mounting at the stables, took the Orleans road through the forest. My plan was to strike at the head, and surprising Madame de Verneuil while the event still hung uncertain, to wrest the secret from her by trick or threat. The enterprise was desperate, for I knew the stubbornness and arrogance of the woman, and the inveterate enmity which she entertained towards me, more particularly since the king's marriage. But in a dangerous case any remedy is welcome.

I reached Malesherbes, where Madame was residing with her parents, a little before seven o'clock, and riding without disguise to the château demanded to see her. She was not yet risen, and the servants, whom my appearance threw into the utmost confusion, objected this to me; but I knew that the excuse was no real one, and answered roughly that I came from the king, and must see her. This opened all doors, and in a moment I found myself in her chamber. She was sitting up in bed, clothed in an elegant nightrail, and seemed in no wise surprised to see me. On the contrary, she greeted me with a smile and a taunting word; and omitted nothing that might evince her disdain or hurt my dignity. She let me advance without offering me a chair; and when, after saluting her, I looked about for one, I found that all the seats except one very low stool had been removed from the room.

This was so like her that it did not astonish me, and I baffled her malice by leaning against the wall. "This is no ordinary honor—from Monsieur de Rosny!" she said, flouting me with her eyes.

"I come on no ordinary mission, madame," I said, as gravely as I could.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in a mocking tone. "I should have put on new ribbons, I suppose!"

"From the king, madame," I continued, not allowing myself to be moved, "to inquire how you obtained possession of his cipher."

She laughed loudly. "Good, simple king," she said, "to ask what he knows already!"

"He does not know, madame," I answered severely.

"What?" she cried, in affected surprise. "When he gave it to me himself!"

"He did not, madame."

"He did, sir!" she retorted, firing up. "Or, if he did not, prove it—prove it! And, by the way," she continued, lowering her voice again, and reverting to her former tone of spiteful badinage, "how is the dear queen? I heard that she was indisposed yesterday, and kept the king in attendance all day. So unfortunate, you know, just at this time." And her eyes twinkled with malicious amusement.

"Madame," I said, "may I speak plainly to you?"

"I never heard that you could speak otherwise," she answered quickly. "Even his friends never called Monsieur de Rosny a wit; but only a plain, rough man who served our royal turn well enough in rough times, but is now growing——"

"Madame!"

"A trifle exigeant and superfluous."

After that, I saw that it was war to the knife between us; and I asked her in very plain terms if she were not afraid of the queen's enmity, that she dared thus to flaunt the king's favors before her.

"No more than I am afraid of yours," she answered hardily.

"But if the king is disappointed in his hopes?"

"You may suffer; very probably will," she answered, slowly and smiling; "not I. Besides, sir—my child was born dead. He bore that very well."

"Yet, believe me, madame, you run some risk."

"In keeping what the king has given me?" she answered, raising her eyebrows.

"No! In keeping what the king has not given you!" I answered sternly. "Whereas, what do you gain?"

"Well," she replied, raising herself in the bed, while her eyes sparkled and her color rose, "if you like, I will tell you. This pleasure, for one thing—the pleasure of seeing you there, awkward, booted, stained, and standing, waiting my will. That—which, perhaps, you call a petty thing—I gain first of all. Then I gain your ruin, Monsieur de Rosny; I plant a sting in that woman's breast; and for his Majesty, he has made his bed and may lie on it."

"Have a care, madame!" I cried, bursting with indignation at a speech so shameless and disloyal. "You are playing a dangerous game, I warn you!"

"And what game have you played?" she replied, transported on a sudden with equal passion. "Who was it tore up the promise of marriage which the king gave me? Who was it prevented me being Queen of France? Who was it hurried on the match with this tradeswoman, so that the king found himself wedded before he knew it? Who was it— But enough, enough!" she cried, interrupting herself with a gesture full of rage. "You have ruined me—you and your queen between you—and I will ruin you!"

"On the contrary, madame," I answered, collecting myself for a last effort, and speaking with all the severity which a just indignation inspired, "I have not ruined you. But if you do not tell me that which I am here to learn—I will!"

She laughed out loud. "Oh, you simpleton!" she said. "And you call yourself a statesman! Do you not see that if I do not tell it, you are disgraced yourself and powerless, and can do me no harm? Tell it you? When I have you all on the hip—you, the king, the queen! Not for a million crowns, Monsieur de Rosny!"

"And that is your answer, madame?" I said, choking with rage. It had been long since any had dared so to beard me.

"Yes," she replied stoutly; "it is! Or, stay; you shall not go empty-handed." And thrusting her arm under the pillow, she drew out, after a moment's search, a small packet, which she held out towards me. "Take it!" she said, with a taunting laugh. "It has served my turn. What the king gave me, I give you."

Seeing that it was the missing key to the cipher, I swallowed my rage and took it; and being assured by this time that I could effect nothing by staying longer, but should only expose myself to fresh insults, I turned on my heel, with rudeness equal to her own, and, without taking leave of her, flung the door open and went out. I heard her throw herself back with a shrill laugh of triumph. But as, the moment the door fell to behind me, my thoughts began to cast about for another way of escape—this failing—I took little heed of her, and less of the derisive looks to which the household, quickly taking the cue, treated me as I passed. I flung myself into the saddle and galloped off, followed by Maignan, who presently, to my surprise, blurted out a clumsy word of congratulation.

I turned on him in amazement, and, swearing at him, asked him what he meant.

"You have got it," he said, timidly, pointing to the packet which I mechanically held in my hand.

"And to what purpose?" I cried, glad of this opportunity of unloading some of my wrath. "I want, not the paper, but the secret, fool! You may have the paper for yourself if you will tell me how madame got it."

Nevertheless, his words led me to look at the packet. I opened it, and, having satisfied myself that it contained the original and not a copy, was putting it up again when my eyes fell on a small spot of blood which marked one corner of the cover. It was not larger than a grain of corn, but it awoke, first, a vague association and then a memory, which as I rode grew stronger and more definite, until, on a sudden, discovery flashed upon me—and the truth. I remembered where I had seen spots of blood before—on the papers I had handed to Ferret—and remembered, too, where that blood had come from. I looked at the cut now, and found that it had nearly healed. Of a certainty this paper had gone through my hands that day! It had been among the others; therefore it must have been passed to Ferret inside another when I first opened the bag! The rogue, getting it and seeing his opportunity, and that I did not suspect, had doubtless secreted it, probably while I was attending to my hand.

I had not suspected him before, because I had ticked off the earlier papers as I handed them to him; and had searched only among the rest and in the bag for the missing one. Now I wondered that I had not done so, and seen the truth from the beginning; and in my impatience I found the leagues through the forest, though the sun was not yet high and the trees sheltered us, the longest I had ridden in my life. When the roofs of the château at length appeared before us, I could scarcely

keep my pace within bounds. Reflecting how Madame de Verneuil had overreached herself, and how, by indulging in that last stroke of arrogance, she had placed the secret in my hands, I had much ado to refrain from going to the king booted and unwashed as I was, and though I had not eaten since the previous evening.

However, the habit of propriety, which no man may lightly neglect, came to my aid. I made my toilet and, having broken my fast standing, hastened to the court. On the way I learned that the king was in the queen's garden; and, directing my steps thither, found him walking with my colleagues, Villeroy and Sillery, in the little avenue which leads to the garden of the conciergerie. A number of the courtiers were standing on the low terrace watching them, while a second group lounged about the queen's staircase. Full of the news which I had for the king, I crossed the terrace, taking no particular heed of any one, but greeting such as came in my way in my usual fashion. At the edge of the terrace I paused a moment before descending the three steps; and at the same moment, as it happened, Henry looked up, and our eyes met. On the instant he averted his gaze, and, turning on his heel in a marked way, retired slowly to the farther end of the walk.

The action was so deliberate that I could not doubt he meant to slight me; and I paused where I was, divided between grief and indignation, a mark for all those glances and whispered gibes in which courtiers indulge on such occasions. The slight was not rendered less serious by the fact that the king was walking with my two colleagues; so that I alone seemed to be out of his confidence, as one soon to be out of his councils also.

I perceived all this, and was not blind to the sneering smiles which were exchanged behind my back; but I affected to see nothing, and to be absorbed in sudden thought. In a minute or two the king turned and came back towards me; and again, as if he could not restrain his curiosity, looked up so that our eyes met. This time I thought that he would beckon me to him, satisfied with the lengths to which he had already carried his displeasure. But he turned again with a light laugh.

At this a courtier, one of Sillery's creatures, who had presumed on the occasion so far as to come to my elbow, thought that he might safely amuse himself with me. "I am afraid that the king grows older, Monsieur de Rosny," he said, smirking at his companions. "His sight seems to be failing."

"It should not be neglected then," I said grimly. "I will tell him presently what you say."

He fell back, looking foolish at that, at the very moment that Henry, having taken another turn, dismissed Villeroy, who, wiser than the puppy at my elbow, greeted me with particular civility as he passed. Freed from him, Henry stood a moment hesitating. He told me afterwards that he had not turned from me a yard before his heart smote him; and that but for a mischievous curiosity to see how I should take it, he would not have carried the matter so far. Be that as it may—and I do not doubt this, any more than I ever doubted the reality of the affection in which he held me—on a sudden he raised his hand and beckoned to me.

I went down to him gravely, and not hurriedly. He looked at me with some signs of confusion in his face. "You are late this morning," said he.

"I have been on your Majesty's business," I answered.

"I do not doubt that," he replied querulously, his eyes wandering. "I am not—I am troubled this morning." And after a fashion he had when he was not at his ease, he ground his heel into the soil and looked down at the mark. "The queen is not well. Sillery has seen her, and will tell you so."

Monsieur de Sillery began to affirm it. I let him go on for a little time, and then interrupted him brusquely. "I think it was you," I said, "who nominated Ferret to be one of the king's clerks."

"Ferret?" he exclaimed, reddening at my tone, while the king, who knew me well, pricked up his ears.

"Yes," I said; "Ferret."

"And if so?" Sillery asked, haughtily. "What do you mean?"

"Only this," I said. "That if his Majesty will summon him to the queen's closet, without warning or delay, and ask him in her presence how much Madame de Verneuil gave him for the king's cipher, her Majesty, I think, will learn something which she wishes to know."

"What?" the king cried. "You have discovered it? But he gave you a receipt for the papers he took."

"For the papers he took with my knowledge—yes, sire."

"The rogue!" Sillery exclaimed viciously. "I will go and fetch him."

"Not so—with your Majesty's leave," I said, interposing quickly. "Monsieur de Sillery may say too much or too little. Let a lackey take a message, bidding him go to the queen's closet, and he will suspect nothing."

The king assented, and bade me go and give the order. When I returned, he asked me anxiously if I felt sure that the man would confess.

"Yes, if you pretend to know all, sire," I answered. "He will think that Madame has betrayed him."

"Very well," Henry said. "Then let us go."

But I declined to be present; partly on the ground that if I were there the queen might suspect me of inspiring the man, and partly because I thought that the rogue would entertain a more confident hope of pardon and be more likely to confess if he saw the king alone. I contrived to keep Sillery also; and Henry giving the word, as he mounted the steps, that he should be back presently, the whole court remained in a state of suspense, aware that something was in progress, but in doubt what, and unable to decide whether I were again in favor or now on my trial.

Sillery remained talking to me, principally on English matters, until the dinner hour, which came and went, neglected by all. At length, when the curiosity of the mass of courtiers, who did not dare to interrupt us, had been raised by delay to an almost intolerable pitch, the king returned with signs of disorder in his bearing; and, crossing the terrace in half a dozen strides, drew me hastily, along with Sillery, into the grove of white mulberry trees. There we were no sooner hidden in part, though not completely, than he threw his arms about me and embraced me with the warmest expressions. "Ah, my friend," he said, putting me from him at last, "what shall I say to you?"

"The queen is satisfied, sire?"

"Perfectly; and desires to be commended to you."

"He confessed, then?"

Henry nodded, with a look in his face that I did not understand. "Yes," he said, "fully. It was as you thought, my friend. God have mercy upon him!"

I started. "What?" I said. "Has he killed——"

The king nodded, and could not repress a shudder. "Yes," he said; "but not, thank heaven, until he had left the closet. He had something about him."

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.—SECOND EDITION.

MISS TARBELL'S brilliant short biography of Napoleon, with its splendid collection of pictures, has been so successful that a second edition is just being issued, making thirty-seven thousand copies in all. This success has been won in a few months and during the dullest season of the year in the book trade.

The book has received cordial praise from historical scholars and writers, including Colonel John C. Ropes, author of "The First Napoleon," one of the highest authorities on Napoleonic history, and Professor Herbert B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University, who has recommended it to his students in history.

The text contains all of the articles that appeared in this Magazine, with many important additions.

The pictures are from the splendid collection of engravings of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard of Washington, supplemented by portraits and pictures, many hitherto unpublished in any form, from the private galleries of the Duc d'Aumale, Prince Victor Napoleon, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Baron Larrey, son of the chief surgeon of the armies of Napoleon, and others.

NAPOLEON AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY IN EGYPT.

From a sketch by Dutertre, made from life, on board the "Orient," in 1798.

The book is, in short, the most complete pictorial biography of Napoleon ever published. It contains two hundred and forty-eight pages; it is printed on the best enamelled paper, and is sold at fifty cents, in paper covers, and at one dollar, bound in cloth.

GARFIELD'S RIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke").

THE objective point of what is known as the Chickamauga campaign was Chattanooga, which is the southern gateway of the Alleghanies. Rosecrans had crossed the Tennessee, successfully manœuvred the enemy out of Chattanooga, and thrown two thousand eight hundred men into that place. But a greater work remained—to march his whole force into it, in the face of Bragg's army, heavily reënforced, and largely outnumbering his own. To decide who should hold and occupy Chattanooga, was fought the battle of Chickamauga.

The first day's battle left the Union forces in possession of the approaches to Chattanooga, and when he met his corps commanders on the night of that day, Rosecrans said, in substance, to General Thomas, who commanded his left: "Your line lies across the road to Chattanooga. That is the pivot of the battle. Hold it at all hazards, and I will reënforce you, if necessary, with the whole army."

In his oration on the life of General Thomas, General Garfield said: "During the whole night the reënforcements of the enemy were coming in. Early the next morning we were attacked along the whole line. Thomas commanded the left and centre of our army. From early morning he withstood the furious and repeated attacks of the enemy, who constantly reënforced his assaults on our left. About noon our whole right was broken, and driven in hopeless confusion from the field. Rosecrans was himself swept away in the tide of retreat. The forces of Longstreet, which had broken our right, desisted from the pursuit, and, forming in heavy columns, assaulted the right flank of Thomas with unexampled fury. *Seeing the approaching danger*, he drew back his exposed flank toward the base of the mountain and met the new peril."

The words I have italicized reveal the turning and vital point of the battle. Thomas saw in time the approaching danger, and was thus enabled to check the enemy and save the army; and in telling how he came to see it I shall have to relate the perilous ride of General Garfield over the bloody field of Chickamauga.

It must be borne in mind that the Union army had a line of fully four miles, and was operating in a broken country, half forest and half cotton-field, from no one part of which was it possible to take in the movements of the entire army. Rosecrans had established his headquarters for that day in the rear of his centre and right wing, and on one of the foot-hills of Missionary Ridge. He was there about noon, surrounded by General Garfield, his chief-of-staff; Major Frank S. Bond, his senior aid; and several orderlies, when Captain William B. Gaw, chief engineer on the staff of General Thomas, rode up to his headquarters. The captain had been sent by Thomas with a message to General Negley, and had passed in the rear of the right centre just as Wood opened the fatal gap into which Longstreet plunged, breaking McCook's corps into fragments. Reining his horse to the right, Gaw had got out of the way of the fugitives. A moment before, Rosecrans had caught a distant view of some scattering troops straggling over the hills, and he called out to Gaw, as he approached: "What troops are those coming down the hill?"

The answer was, "They are part of McCleve's reserves—the right centre is broken."

A MESSAGE MUST GO TO THOMAS.

In another moment the hills were swarming with a disordered rabble, and Rosecrans realized the serious nature of the disaster. He saw at once that the fate of the battle hung on Thomas's holding firmly his position, which commanded the road to Chattanooga. He was cut off from the main body of his men, and from Thomas's head-

Note.—This paper is constructed from facts communicated orally to the writer by Major Frank S. Bond of Rosecrans's staff, and by General Garfield; and from a written statement of Captain William B. Gaw of Thomas's staff, furnished the writer by General Garfield.

quarters; but, after an ineffectual effort to rally the broken troops, he ordered Captain Gaw, who knew the country well, to find a way to Thomas. They moved forward, but had gone but a short distance when Captain Gaw's orderly was shot from his horse, and they found before them a dense mass of the enemy. Gaw then reported that the only way to reach Thomas was by a circuit through McFarland's Gap, a distance of eight miles. They set off in that direction, and, soon coming to a point where the road forked—one fork leading to Chattanooga, the other to the position of Thomas—they halted to breathe their horses; and then Rosecrans directed Garfield to ride on to Chattanooga, to form the fugitives there, send forward ammunition to Thomas, and to make the necessary preparations for the holding of the place in case he should be obliged to retire before Longstreet, intending himself to proceed at once to Thomas.

GARFIELD BECOMES THE MESSENGER.

"General Garfield"—I here quote the statement of Major Frank S. Bond—"asked a number of questions, and evinced a hesitancy in undertaking the great responsibility of issuing such important orders in Rosecrans's absence, when finally the general said to him, 'Very well, I will go to Chattanooga myself. You go to Thomas. He has nine of our fourteen divisions, and will undoubtedly hold his position until nightfall. Tell him to then put out a double line of skirmishers, and after dark withdraw his troops to Rossville Gap; and you report to me at Chattanooga as to the condition of affairs with Thomas.'"

When they parted the sound of heavy firing in the direction of Thomas had almost ceased, indicating that he held his position, and that the battle was substantially over for the day. Garfield and Captain Gaw and two of the orderlies made a wide detour, to avoid the Confederates. By the route they took it was eight miles to Thomas, and at any turn they might come upon the enemy. Soon, striking into a dark, pathless wood—a tangled undergrowth of intertwisted bush and brier—they skirted for two miles the low bottom lands of the Chattanooga valley. Thence their route was clear to Rossville. At Rossville they took the Lafayette road, guiding their way by the sound of the firing, and moving cautiously, for they were then nearing the battle-field. The road there was scarcely more than a lane, flanked on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by an open cotton-field.

DEAD INTO AN AMBUSCADE.

No troops were in sight, and on they galloped at a rapid pace. But when they had left Rossville a thousand yards behind, suddenly, from along the wooded side of the lane, a volley of a thousand rifle-balls fell among them thick as hail, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies on the ground lifeless. They had ridden into an ambuscade of a large body of Longstreet's skirmishers and sharp-shooters, who, having entered the fatal gap in the right centre, had pressed that far on the flank of Thomas, with the evident design of falling upon him in overpowering numbers. Therefore it was all important that Thomas should be warned of the impending danger.

Garfield was mounted on a magnificent horse who knew his bridle hand, and putting spurs to his side, he leaped the fence into the cotton-field. The opposite side of the lane was lined with gray blouses, and a single glance told him they were loading for another volley. He told me that he had been in tight places before, but this was the tightest. Pressing his lips firmly together, he said to himself, "Now is your time; be a man, Jim Garfield!" He spoke to his horse and laid his left hand gently on the rein of the animal. The trained beast heeded his touch, and putting the rowels into his side, he took a zig-zag course across the cotton-field. It was his only chance; he had to tack from side to side, for he was a dead man if they got a steady aim upon him.

He was riding up an inclined plane of about four hundred yards, and if he could pass the crest he would be in safety. But the gray fellows could load and fire twice before he could reach the summit, and death to him was certain unless Providence had some further use for him on this planet. Up the slope he went, tacking, when another volley bellowed from out the timber. His horse was struck—a flesh wound—but the noble animal only leaped forward the faster. Then scattering bullets whizzed by him, but he was within a few yards of the summit. Another volley echoed along the hill when he was half

"GARFIELD . . . HALTED IN THE MIDST OF THE STORM, AND, WITH UPLIFTED ARM, SHOUTED, 'THERE HE IS! GOD BLESS THE OLD HERO!'"

way over the crest, but in a moment more he was in safety. As he tore down the slope a small body of blue-coats galloped forward to meet him. At their head was Colonel "Dan" McCook, his face anxious and pallid. "My God, Garfield!" he cried, "I thought you were killed, certain! How you escaped is a miracle." In July, 1864, this brave man himself was stretched upon such another bullet-swept field, at Kenesaw Mountain.

Captain Gaw had his horse shot under him at the first fire, and was considerably bruised by the fall, but somehow he man-

aged to dodge the bullets and to get over the crest to the side of McCook and Garfield. McCook gave him another horse, and the two set out again for the headquarters of Thomas.

THOMAS REACHED.

Garfield's horse had been struck, but the danger had given him the spirit of a lion, and he plunged forward at a breakneck pace, through ploughed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for another four miles, until they climbed a wooded crest, and were within view of Thomas. In a slight depression of the ground, with a small group of officers about him, he stood in the open field, while over him was sweeping a storm of shotted fire that fell in thick drops on the high foothill that Garfield was crossing. Shot and shell and canister ploughed up the ground all about Garfield, but as he caught sight of Thomas he halted in the midst of the storm, and with uplifted arm, shouted, "There he is! God bless the old hero! He has saved the army!" For a moment only he halted; then, he plunged down the hill through the fiery storm, and in a few moments more was by the side of Thomas.

As the two men embraced each other, the noble horse that had so bravely borne Garfield through that hurricane, struck by another bullet, staggered a step or two, and fell dead at the feet of Thomas.

In hurried, broken sentences Garfield tells Thomas that he is outflanked, and that the whole Confederate army of seventy thousand is closing down upon his right wing to crush into fragments his weary force of twenty-five thousand. He must withdraw his right wing, and form line again upon the crested horseshoe which is before them at the base of the mountain. Quick the order is given, and quick the movement is made, yet not a moment too soon; for yonder, from behind a clump of woods, emerges the head of Longstreet's bristling columns. He has turned back from the pursuit of McCook, and now is coming to annihilate Thomas, and Thomas's men are too few, for his line falls short by three hundred feet of the spur of the moutain. Longstreet perceives this gap, heads his columns for it, and in ten minutes more will have struck Thomas on flank and rear fatally.

GORDON GRANGER SAVES THE DAY.

Now, nothing short of a miracle can save Thomas, and "the days of miracles are past," say the theologians. Still, there must be an invisible power that controls events in the heavens and on the earth; for just at this critical moment a heavy column is seen on the hill down which Garfield has just ridden, and in another moment a horseman covered with foam is by the side of Garfield and Thomas. He is a slightly formed man, a little slab-sided, with dark hair, projecting brows, and deep, black, cavernous eyes, from which now a black flame is flashing. It is Gordon Granger. He has heard the firing four miles away, and, without orders, has come to the rescue of Thomas. He points with his sword to the men on the hill, and cries, "Where will you place us?" Thomas stretches his hand towards the three hundred feet gap, against which Longstreet is coming, and simply says, "There."

(The owner of this land told me personally, in 1880, that from this single hill he had dug and sold four hundred pounds of lead in bullets.)

Back up the bullet-swept hill Granger gallops, and instantly his three thousand seven hundred men, led on by the heroic Steedman, are rushing down to the defenceless gap like a bristling avalanche. They are not a moment too soon, for Longstreet's heavy columns are at the breach, and now comes the collision. Garfield told me that it was like the coming together of two immense railway trains in full career—the forward columns being shivered to atoms, and going down in a common destruction. Steedman's horse is shot on the full gallop, and his rider is hurled fifteen feet forward by the momentum; but, turning a complete somersault, he alights on his feet and urges on his men as if nothing had happened. For forty minutes the onset lasted, and then a ghastly breastwork of three thousand dead and dying, blue coats and gray, fills the narrow gap. But the Army of the Cumberland is saved from destruction. Now, baffled and beaten, Longstreet withdraws his seething columns, and not another blow is struck by the magnificent army that Bragg has gathered; for that night Thomas holds Rossville Gap, and, meanwhile, Rosecrans has rallied the fugitives at Chattanooga, and in twenty-four hours built a cordon about it, behind which he can defy the entire armies of the Confederacy.

FABLES.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

[The fable, as a form of literary art, had at all times a great attraction for Mr. Stevenson, and in an early review of Lord Lytton's "Fables and Song" he attempted to define some of its proper aims and methods. To this class of work, according to his conception of the matter, belonged essentially several of his own shorter, semi-supernatural stories, such as "Will of the Mill" and "Markheim." He was accustomed also to try his hand occasionally on the composition of fables in a stricter sense, and in the conventional brief and concentrated form. By the winter of 1887–88 he had enough of these by him, together with a few others running to greater length, and conceived in a more mystic and legendary vein, to enable him, as he thought, to see his way towards making a book of them. Such a book he promised to Messrs. Longmans in the spring of 1888. Then came his voyage in the Pacific and residence at Samoa. In the multitude of new interests and images which filled his mind during the last six years of his life, he seems to have given little thought to the proposed volume of fables, although one or two, as will be seen, were composed during this period.—Sidney Colvin.]

I.

THE PERSONS OF THE TALE.

AFTER the thirty-second chapter of "Treasure Island," two of the puppets strolled out to have a pipe before business should begin again, and met in an open place not far from the story.

"Good morning, Cap'n," said the first, with a man-o'-war salute and a beaming countenance.

"Ah, Silver!" grunted the other. "You're in a bad way, Silver."

"Now, Cap'n Smollett," remonstrated Silver, "dooty is dooty, as I knows, and none better; but we're off dooty now; and I can't see no call to keep up the morality business."

"You're a damned rogue, my man," said the Captain.

"Come, come, Cap'n, be just," returned the other. "There's no call to be angry with me in earnest. I'm on'y a chara'ter in a sea story. I don't really exist."

"Well, I don't really exist either," says the Captain, "which seems to meet that."

"I wouldn't set no limits to what a virtuous chara'ter might consider argument," responded Silver. "But I'm the villain of this tale, I am; and speaking as one seafaring man to another, what I want to know is, what's the odds?"

"Were you never taught your catechism?" said the Captain. "Don't you know there's such a thing as an Author?"

"Such a thing as a Author?" returned John, derisively. "And who better'n me? And the p'int is, if the Author made you, he made Long John, and he made Hands, and Pew, and George Merry—not that George is up to much, for he's little more'n a name; and he made Flint, what there is of him; and he made this here mutiny you keep such a work about; and he had Tom Redruth shot; and—well, if that's a Author, give me Pew!"

"Don't you believe in a future state?" said Smollett. "Do you think there's nothing but the present story-paper?"

"I don't rightly know for that," said Silver; "and I don't see what it's got to do with it, anyway. What I know is this: if there is sich a thing as a Author, I'm his favorite chara'ter. He does me fathoms better'n he does you—fathoms, he does. And he likes doing me. He keeps me on deck mostly all the time, crutch and all; and he leaves you measling in the hold, where nobody can't see you, nor wants to, and you may lay to that! If there is a Author, by thunder, but he's on my side, and you may lay to it!"

"I see he's giving you a long rope," said the Captain. "But that can't change a man's convictions. I know the Author respects me; I feel it in my bones; when you and I had that talk at the blockhouse door, who do you think he was for, my man?"

"And don't he respect me?" cried Silver. "Ah, you should 'a' heard me putting down my mutiny, George Merry and Morgan and that lot, no longer ago'n last chapter; you'd 'a' heard something then! You'd 'a' seen what the Author thinks o' me! But come, now, do you consider yourself a virtuous chara'ter clean through?"

"God forbid!" said Captain Smollett solemnly. "I am a man that tries to do his duty, and makes a mess of it as often as not. I'm not a very popular man at home, Silver, I'm afraid," and the Captain sighed.

"Ah," says Silver. "Then how about this sequel of yours? Are you to be Cap'n

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Smollett just the same as ever, and not very popular at home, says you? And if so, why it's 'Treasure Island' over again, by thunder! and I'll be Long John, and Pew'll be Pew; and we'll have another mutiny, as like as not. Or are you to be somebody else? And if so, why, what the better are you? and what the worse am I?"

"Why, look here, my man," returned the Captain, "I can't understand how this story comes about at all, can I? I can't see how you and I, who don't exist, should get to speaking here, and smoke our pipes, for all the world like reality? Very well, then, who am I to pipe up with my opinions? I know the Author's on the side of good; he tells me so: it runs out of his pen as he writes. Well, that's all I need to know; I'll take my chance upon the rest."

"It's a fact he seemed to be against George Merry," Silver admitted musingly. "But George is little more'n a name at the best of it," he added, brightening. "And to get into soundings for once. What is this good? I made a mutiny, and I been a gentleman o' fortune; well, but by all stories, you ain't no such saint. I'm a man that keeps company very easy; even by your own account, you ain't, and to my certain knowledge, you're a devil to haze. Which is which? Which is good, and which bad? Ah, you tell me that! Here we are in stays, and you may lay to it!"

"We're none of us perfect," replied the Captain. "That's a fact of religion, my man. All I can say is, I try to do my duty; and if you try to do yours, I can't compliment you on your success."

"And so you was the judge, was you?" said Silver, derisively.

"I would be both judge and hangman for you, my man, and never turn a hair," returned the Captain. "But I get beyond that: it mayn't be sound theology, but it's common sense, that what is good is useful too—or there and thereabout, for I don't set up to be a thinker. Now, where would a story go to, if there were no virtuous characters?"

"If you go to that," replied Silver, "where would a story begin, if there wasn't no villains?"

"Well, that's pretty much my thought," said Captain Smollett. "The Author has to get a story; that's what he wants; and to get a story, and to have a man like the doctor (say) given a proper chance, he has to put in men like you and Hands. But he's on the right side; and you mind your eye! You're not through this story yet; there's trouble coming for you."

"What'll you bet?" asked John.

"Much I care if there ain't," returned the Captain. "I'm glad enough to be Alexander Smollett, bad as he is; and I thank my stars upon my knees that I'm not Silver. But there's the ink-bottle opening. To quarters!"

And indeed the Author was just then beginning to write the words:

CHAPTER XXXIII.

II.

THE SINKING SHIP.

"SIR," said the first lieutenant, bursting into the Captain's cabin, "the ship is going down."

"Very well, Mr. Spoker," said the Captain; "but that is no reason for going about half-shaved. Exercise your mind a moment, Mr. Spoker, and you will see that to the philosophic eye there is nothing new in our position: the ship (if she is to go down at all) may be said to have been going down since she was launched."

"She is settling fast," said the first lieutenant, as he returned from shaving.

"Fast, Mr. Spoker?" asked the Captain. "The expression is a strange one, for time (if you will think of it) is only relative."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "I think it is scarcely worth while to embark in such a discussion when we shall all be in Davy Jones's Locker in ten minutes."

"By parity of reasoning," returned the Captain gently, "it would never be worth while to begin any inquiry of importance; the odds are always overwhelming that we must die before we shall have brought it to an end. You have not considered, Mr. Spoker, the situation of man," said the Captain, smiling and shaking his head.

"I am much more engaged in considering the position of the ship," said Mr. Spoker.

"Spoken like a good officer," replied the Captain, laying his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder.

On deck they found the men had broken into the spirit-room, and were fast getting drunk.

"My men," said the Captain, "there is no sense in this. The ship is going down, you will tell me, in ten minutes: well, and what then? To the philosophic eye, there is nothing new in our position. All our lives long, we may have been about to break a blood-vessel or to be struck by lightning,

not merely in ten minutes, but in ten seconds; and that has not prevented us from eating dinner, no, nor from putting money in the Savings Bank. I assure you, with my hand on my heart, I fail to comprehend your attitude."

The men were already too far gone to pay much heed.

"This is a very painful sight, Mr. Spoker," said the Captain.

"And yet to the philosophic eye, or whatever it is," replied the first lieutenant, "they may be said to have been getting drunk ever since they came aboard."

"I do not know if you always follow my thought, Mr. Spoker," returned the Captain gently. "But let us proceed."

In the powder magazine, they found an old salt smoking his pipe.

"Good God," cried the Captain, "what are you about?"

"Well, sir," said the old salt apologetically, "they told me as she were going down."

"And suppose she were?" said the Captain. "To the philosophic eye, there would be nothing new in our position. Life, my old shipmate, life, at any moment and in any view, is as dangerous as a sinking ship; and yet it is man's handsome fashion to carry umbrellas, to wear indiarubber overshoes, to begin vast works, and to conduct himself in every way as if he might hope to be eternal. And for my own poor part I should despise the man who, even on board a sinking ship, should omit to take a pill or to wind up his watch. That, my friend, would not be the human attitude."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Spoker. "But what is precisely the difference between shaving in a sinking ship and smoking in a powder magazine?"

"Or doing anything at all in any conceivable circumstances?" cried the Captain. "Perfectly conclusive; give me a cigar!"

Two minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a glorious detonation.

III.

THE TWO MATCHES.

ONE day there was a traveller in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the Trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first, and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveller. "Dying for a smoke; only one match left; and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveller, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that too would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch—how would the Trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God," said the traveller, and put his pipe in his pocket.

IV.

THE SICK MAN AND THE FIREMAN.

THERE was once a sick man in a burning house, to whom there entered a fireman.

"Do not save me," said the sick man. "Save those who are strong."

"Will you kindly tell me why?" inquired the fireman, for he was a civil fellow.

"Nothing could possibly be fairer," said the sick man. "The strong should be preferred in all cases, because they are of more service in the world."

The fireman pondered awhile, for he was a man of some philosophy. "Granted," said he at last, as a part of the roof fell in; "but for the sake of conversation, what would you lay down as the proper service of the strong?"

"Nothing can possibly be easier," returned the sick man: "the proper service of the strong is to help the weak."

Again the fireman reflected, for there was nothing hasty about this excellent creature. "I could forgive you being sick," he said at last, as a portion of the wall fell out, "but I cannot bear your being such a fool." And with that he heaved up his fireman's

axe, for he was eminently just, and clove the sick man to the bed.

V.

THE FOUR REFORMERS.

FOUR reformers met under a bramble bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. "We must abolish property," said one.

"We must abolish marriage," said the second.

"We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the fourth.

"Do not let us get beyond practical politics," said the first. "The first thing is to reduce men to a common level."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to give freedom to the sexes."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to find out how to do it."

"The first step," said the first, "is to abolish the Bible."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to abolish the laws."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to abolish mankind."

VI.

THE READER.

"I NEVER read such an impious book," said the reader, throwing it on the floor.

"You need not hurt me," said the book; "you will only get less for me second hand, and I did not write myself."

"That is true," said the reader. "My quarrel is with your author."

"Ah, well," said the book, "you need not buy his rant."

"That is true," said the reader. "But I thought him such a cheerful writer."

"I find him so," said the book.

"You must be differently made from me," said the reader.

"Let me tell you a fable," said the book. "There were two men wrecked upon a desert island; one of them made believe he was at home, the other admitted——"

"O, I know your kind of fable," said the reader. "They both died."

"And so they did," said the book. "No doubt of that. And everybody else."

"That is true," said the reader. "Push it a little further for this once. And when they were all dead?"

"They were in God's hands the same as before," said the book.

"Not much to boast of, by your account," cried the reader.

"Who is impious now?" said the book.

And the reader put him on the fire.

> The coward crouches from the rod,
> And loathes the iron face of God.

VII.

THE CITIZEN AND THE TRAVELLER.

"LOOK round you," said the citizen. "This is the largest market in the world."

"Oh, surely not," said the traveller.

"Well, perhaps not the largest," said the citizen, "but much the best."

"You are certainly wrong there," said the traveller. "I can tell you . . ."

They buried the stranger at the dusk.

VIII.

THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.

ONCE upon a time there came to this earth a visitor from a neighboring planet. And he was met at the place of descent by a great philosopher, who was to show him everything.

First of all they came through a wood, and the stranger looked upon the trees. "Whom have we here?" said he.

"These are only vegetables," said the philosopher. "They are alive, but not at all interesting."

"I don't know about that," said the stranger. "They seem to have very good manners. Do they never speak?"

"They lack the gift," said the philosopher.

"Yet I think I hear them sing," said the other.

"That is only the wind among the leaves," said the philosopher. "I will explain to you the theory of winds: it is very interesting."

"Well," said the stranger, "I wish I knew what they are thinking."

"They cannot think," said the philosopher.

"I don't know about that," returned the stranger; and then laying his hand upon a trunk: "I like these people," said he.

"They are not people at all," said the philosopher. "Come along."

Next they came through a meadow where there were cows.

"These are very dirty people," said the stranger.

"They are not people at all," said the

philosopher; and he explained what a cow is in scientific words which I have forgotten.

"That is all one to me," said the stranger. "But why do they never look up?"

"Because they are graminivorous," said the philosopher; "and to live upon grass, which is not highly nutritious, requires so close an attention to business that they have no time to think, or speak, or look at the scenery, or keep themselves clean."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is one way to live no doubt. But I prefer the people with the green heads."

Next they came into a city, and the streets were full of men and women.

"These are very odd people," said the stranger.

"They are the people of the greatest nation in the world," said the philosopher.

"Are they indeed?" said the stranger. "They scarcely look so."

IX.

THE CARTHORSES AND THE SADDLEHORSE.

Two carthorses, a gelding and a mare, were brought to Samoa, and put in the same field with a saddlehorse to run free on the island. They were rather afraid to go near him, for they saw he was a saddlehorse, and supposed he would not speak to them. Now the saddlehorse had never seen creatures so big. "These must be great chiefs," thought he, and he approached them civilly. "Lady and gentleman," said he, "I understand you are from the colonies. I offer you my affectionate compliments, and make you heartily welcome to the islands."

The colonials looked at him askance, and consulted with each other.

"Who can he be?" said the gelding.

"He seems suspiciously civil," said the mare.

"I do not think he can be much account," said the gelding.

"Depend upon it he is only a Kanaka," said the mare.

Then they turned to him.

"Go to the devil!" said the gelding.

"I wonder at your impudence, speaking to persons of our quality!" cried the mare.

The saddlehorse went away by himself. "I was right," said he; "they are great chiefs."

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

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THE SUSQUEHANNA EXPRESS ROBBERY.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

AT Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, are located the great shops of the Erie Railroad, where fifteen hundred men work throughout the year. These men receive their wages on a fixed day towards the end of each month, the pay-roll amounting to many thousands of dollars. It was customary twelve years ago for the company to have a sum of money sufficient for this purpose shipped from New York by express a day or two before the date when the wages were to be paid. Following out this practice, on the night of June 20, 1883, the Marine National Bank of New York shipped by the United States Express Company a sealed package containing forty thousand dollars for the Erie Railroad Company, in care of the First National Bank of Susquehanna. The package contained United States currency and bank-notes, almost entirely in small bills, none larger than twenty dollars.

The usual precautions were observed in shipment, a trusted clerk of the Marine Bank carrying the package to the express company's office and taking a receipt for it from the money clerk, who examined it first to make sure that the seals of the bank were intact and that in all respects it presented a correct appearance. Having satisfied himself on these points the money clerk placed the package in one of the canvas pouches used by the United States Express Company, sealed it carefully with the company's private seal, and attached a tag bearing the address of the company's agent at Susquehanna.

After a brief delay the pouch was delivered to express messenger Van Waganen, who saw it placed in one of the small iron safes used by express companies in conveying money from city to city. The messenger rode with the safe to the train, and then remained on guard in the express car where the safe was placed as far as Susquehanna, at which point he delivered the pouch to Dwight Chamberlain, a night clerk and watchman in the joint employ of the Erie Railroad and the United States Express Company. The train left New York at six P. M. and reached Susquehanna about midnight.

Watchman Chamberlain, having received the pouch at the station, carried it into the ticket-office and locked it inside a safe belonging to the Erie Railroad Company. He remained on duty the rest of the night, and at seven o'clock the next morning a messenger from the First National Bank of Susquehanna came to get the package. Chamberlain unlocked the safe, took out the pouch, opened it, and then emptied its contents on the table. To his great surprise the package containing the forty thousand dollars was gone, and in its place were several bundles of manilla paper cut to the size of bank bills, and done up in small packages as money is done up.

The agent of the company, Clark Evans, was immediately notified, and he at once telegraphed the news of the robbery to the officials of the United States Express Company in New York, who with very little delay placed the matter in the hands of Pinkerton's Detective Agency. The direct supervision of the work was undertaken by the late George H. Bangs, at that time general superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, and a force of detectives at once started for Susquehanna.

A BOGUS POUCH.

An important discovery was made on closer examination of the pouch. It was found that this pouch was not the one that had been sealed up in the express office at New York, but a bogus pouch, so much like the other that the change might easily have escaped notice. The chief points of difference were the tag and the seal, the former having been addressed in a different hand from that of the New York money clerk, and the latter being an old seal not in use by the company at that time. But the general appearance of the pouch was such that neither the messenger Van Waganen nor the watchman Chamber-

lain could swear that it was not the one that he had handled.

After going over the ground carefully, and cross-examining Van Waganen and Chamberlain, Superintendent Bangs concluded that the robbery had not been committed on the train, and that the genuine money package had reached Susquehanna and been locked in the railroad company's safe by the night clerk. He was strengthened in this conclusion by the statement of Chamberlain, who admitted that, after locking up the money, he had only been in the ticket-office at intervals during the night. For this he was in no way to blame, as he had other duties to perform about the station, notably those of way-bill clerk.

Thus the robbers would have had full opportunity to approach the safe unobserved and exercise their skill upon it, could they have secured entrance to the ticket-office. Nor was this a difficult matter, since the door leading into it was known to have three keys in the hands of various employees of the road, from whom they might have been procured or stolen. More important still was the fact, ascertained by Mr. Bangs, that the safe itself had three keys, entrusted to as many men, whose duties required them to have access to the safe. It subsequently transpired that two of these keys had been made by the men who carried them for their own convenience and without the knowledge of their superiors. The door leading into the ticket-office opened into the men's waiting-room, where people had been coming and going during the entire night of the robbery. Such of these people as could be found were questioned closely as to what they had observed on this night, but they could furnish no information that threw light upon the case.

Some significance was found in the coincidence that nine years before there had been a robbery at Susquehanna, in which thirty thousand dollars had been stolen from the express company's safe. The Pinkertons knew that for years a band of professional thieves had been travelling through the country, operating on safes that could be opened with a key. Among them were experts in fitting locks, especially skilled in making keys from impressions, and known as professional "fitters." At first it was considered possible that the robbery had been committed by these men, but, after the most careful search and inquiry, Superintendent Bangs concluded that this was not the case, and that the pouch had been stolen by some person or persons resident in Susquehanna, presumably by one or more of the railroad employees who had access to the office, or by persons intimately acquainted with some of the men who had keys to the safe.

"Shadows" were put on all persons who might have had access to the ticket-office and the safe; but, although this was continued for weeks, nothing conclusive came to light.

A YEAR OF CAREFUL WATCHING.

About this time a reorganization of the Pinkerton Agency became necessary, through the death of Allan Pinkerton the founder, and George H. Bangs the general superintendent; and Robert Pinkerton assumed charge of the investigation at Susquehanna. He undertook the difficult task of picking out one guilty man (or possibly two or three) from a body of fifteen hundred workmen. For, despite lack of evidence either way, there was no doubt in the detective's mind that the money had been taken by some of the employees of either the express or the railroad company. Pinkerton men were taken to Susquehanna and given employment in various positions for the railroad and express companies, their duty being to make friends and hear gossip, and, if possible, in an unguarded moment, at some saloon or boarding-house, or perhaps at the chatty noon hour in the works, stumble on some important secret. Other detectives came with money in their pockets, and, under the guise of sporting men, made themselves popular at resorts where a poor man come dishonestly and suddenly into money would be apt to spend it.

Day after day, month after month, the watch was continued from many points of view, the conversations of hundreds of workmen were carefully noted, the gambling-houses and their inmates were kept under constant scrutiny, the lives of this man and that man and scores of men were turned inside out, and all without any one in Susquehanna suspecting it, the general opinion being that the robbery had been put aside along with many other unsolved mysteries.

A whole year passed before any promise of success came to cheer the express company and the patient detectives. In the summer of 1884, Robert Pinkerton, having received information that a professional burglar who had been arrested some weeks previous for a burglary at Milwaukee

had valuable information about an express robbery, immediately journeyed from New York to Milwaukee to interview the man. He learned from the burglar that some years before he had operated with a man named John Donahue; that about the time of the Susquehanna robbery Donahue had been away from home, and that shortly after the robbery he had returned with plenty of money and paid off several old debts. Mr. Pinkerton at once recognized in Donahue a notorious thief who, to escape justice, had taken up his residence at Fort Erie, Canada, where he had opened a hotel.

The burglar also gave Mr. Pinkerton a description of a man who had visited Donahue at his hotel on several occasions, and who had the general appearance of a workman. He suspected that this man had been in some way concerned with Donahue in the Susquehanna robbery; he knew that he had resided at one time in Buffalo, New York, and worked in the shops there, and he thought that he might be then living in Susquehanna, Pennsylvania.

THE ROBBER FOUND.

From the description Mr. Pinkerton was able, on going to Susquehanna, to identify the suspected man with one George H. Proctor, who had formerly been foreman in the railroad company's shops, but had resigned his position some months before and moved to Buffalo. In the investigation that was at once begun it was found that Proctor had recently been speculating largely in oil, and spending money freely, although while living in Susquehanna he was known to have had no resources besides his salary. It was learned further that Proctor had deposited money with three Buffalo banks, and had accounts with various firms of brokers, and also that he was paying frequent visits to gambling-houses, and in general leading a fast life. Proctor's deposits, it was learned, had at one time amounted to about eleven thousand dollars, but most of this sum had been subsequently drawn out and lost in speculation.

All of this was strong presumptive evidence against a man who was known to have been poor a few months before, and a more significant discovery was made a little later, when Proctor went on a trip to Canada, evidently on important business. The detective who followed him found that the men with whom he had dealings, and with whom he passed nearly the whole time of his visit, were professional thieves, well known to the police.

In view of all that had come to light, it was decided to effect Proctor's arrest. This was made easy by his habit of coming to Susquehanna every few weeks to see his wife and three children, who had remained there. During these visits it had been remarked that he was especially intimate with employees of the railroad and express companies who were connected with the ticket-office.

All unsuspicious of the danger that threatened him, Proctor took the train from Buffalo on the night of Saturday, November 16, with a ticket for Susquehanna. Word was at once telegraphed to Robert Pinkerton, who, in company with E. W. Mitchel, Superintendent of the United States Express Company, started for Susquehanna, reaching there Monday morning. They learned that Proctor was still in town, but keeping very closely to his house. It was not until ten o'clock in the evening that he appeared on the street, his purpose in going out being to purchase some groceries. As he came from the store Robert Pinkerton stepped forth from his place of waiting and took him into custody. He was taken to a private house, where Mr. Pinkerton passed nearly the whole night in conversation with him. Before daylight Proctor had made what purported to be a full confession.

PROCTOR'S STORY.

Proctor stated that he had moved to Susquehanna in 1880, having resided in Buffalo previous to that time. While in Buffalo he had occasionally of a Sunday visited Fort Erie, Canada, and there had made the acquaintance of John Donahue. At first he did not know that Donahue was anything more than the keeper of a hotel. He found him an entertaining companion, a good story-teller and singer of comic songs, and very generous with his money. They came to see much of each other, and after Proctor's removal to Susquehanna they kept up an occasional correspondence. Proctor, having a monthly pass over the Erie railroad, and being able to procure passes on other roads, made several trips to Fort Erie, always stopping at Donahue's hotel. On one of these visits he chanced to read aloud to his friend the newspaper account of a clever robbery in Montreal, where a band of sneak thieves had robbed a paymaster of a sum of money he had in a bag to pay

off employees. This turned the conversation to criminal exploits, and Proctor related the circumstances of the express robbery at Susquehanna some years before. Donahue showed great interest, and inquired how it happened that the express company had so large a sum of money at Susquehanna. Proctor explained about the extensive railroad shops there, and incidentally remarked that the same system of paying the hands was still in practice. Donahue then requested Proctor to ascertain for him how much money was being shipped each month at that time, the day of shipment, the train, the kind of safe used on that train, and full details about the lock—whether opened by a combination or a key. Donahue professed that his only motive in seeking this information was curiosity, and Proctor promised to learn what he could.

It was about a fortnight after this that the two men met again, Proctor having secured all the facts about the monthly transfer of money from New York to Susquehanna. These he confided to Donahue, who seemed greatly pleased at the report. He showed Proctor the greatest attention, spending money freely. Then he pressed Proctor with further questions, asking how the money was wrapped up, what kind of pouch it was carried in, and so on. Finally, he came out bluntly with the opinion that Proctor was a fool to waste his time working in a dirty shop when he might be living in luxury. Then, seeing that the foreman took no great umbrage at this suggestion, he asked him if he could get an impression of the safe key, and also one of the key to the door of the ticket-office. After some show of reluctance Proctor finally consented to try.

Returning to Susquehanna, Proctor took advantage of his friendship with employees about the ticket-office to get possession of the keys long enough to take the desired impressions, and these he mailed to Donahue, in whose service he was now fully enlisted. Donahue wrote back, expressing satisfaction, and saying that he and another man, named Collins, had paid a secret visit to Susquehanna, and had found everything as Proctor had represented. A little later Proctor went to Canada again and was introduced to Collins. At this meeting it was arranged that Donahue should procure a canvas bag like the one used by the express company, and that a dummy money package should be placed inside, so that a substitution might be effected on the arrival of the next shipment. Proctor was to take no active part in the robbery, but was instructed to return home and continue at his work, showing no concern, whatever happened.

"If there's an earthquake at Susquehanna when pay-day comes around, you don't know anything about it, do you understand?" Such was the final order given to Proctor, and he obeyed it implicitly.

THE ROBBERY AND THE DIVISION.

A month passed, and, hearing nothing, Proctor went to Canada again and had another talk with his two confederates. They told him that they had gone to Susquehanna prepared to do the "job," but had learned, accidentally, that the money that month had been sent in gold, which would have been too heavy for them to carry away, and they had therefore decided to wait until a month later.

This was in May, and the following month the robbery occurred. Two weeks later Proctor went to Canada and received eleven thousand dollars as his share of the plunder. Donahue and Collins explained to him that he did not receive more because they had been obliged to give a fourth share to another man who had worked with them. They cautioned him not to spend a dollar of the stolen money for months to come, as the detectives would be always on the lookout for suspicious circumstances. They also advised him to continue at his work, under no circumstances giving up his position within a year.

Proctor had strictly followed these suggestions, living and working as he had done before the robbery, and not spending any part of his portion. Having changed the money into large bills and sealed it up in a fruit jar, so that the moisture could not injure it, he buried the jar head downwards in his garden. There it remained untouched for months. But when the severe weather of the following winter set in he dug up the jar, and, taking the money to Buffalo, deposited it in three banks in the name of his wife and his three children, with himself in each instance as trustee.

Although his trade became very irksome to him now that he had a small fortune in his possession, he prudently stuck to it until June, 1884. Then, a year having elapsed since the robbery, he decided that it would be safe for him to launch out into a pleasanter life. He accordingly went to Buffalo, where he entered into oil specula-

tions with a friend who claimed to have "inside information" from the Standard Oil Company. Although fortunate at the start, the failure of Grant & Ward brought them heavy losses, and soon their profits and their original capital were swept away. Proctor assured Mr. Pinkerton at the time of their talk that he was ruined, and that he had intended, during this very visit to Susquehanna which ended in his arrest, making application for his old position as foreman of the boiler shops.

Having heard Proctor's confession, Mr. Pinkerton took counsel with the officers of the express company. They, believing that Proctor had been only a tool in the hands of two smart professional criminals, agreed with the detective that the ends of justice demanded rather the apprehension of his confederates than his punishment alone. Proctor professed great penitence for his wrong-doing, and declared himself willing to do whatever was in his power to make amends.

A PLAN FOR THE CAPTURE OF DONAHUE AND COLLINS.

The first step necessary to the capture of Donahue and Collins was to get them both into the United States at some point where they could be arrested at the same time. Donahue was still in Canada, where he could not be taken. Mr. Pinkerton arranged with Proctor to write to Donahue that he had discovered another safe which offered a tempting opportunity, hoping in this way to induce him to cross the line into the United States. To give color to the story it was necessary to accord Proctor apparent freedom of movement; but he pledged himself not to leave Susquehanna without Mr. Pinkerton's permission, and to keep the detective informed by letter and telegraph of all developments. At the same time detectives were sent to Canada to keep watch over Donahue.

Collins, in the meantime, had been located in Albany, but no attempt was made to arrest him until Donahue could be brought over the line. Should he cross without notifying Proctor, the men "shadowing" him were to cause his arrest. It was arranged with Proctor that, in case his letter failed of its purpose, he should go to Canada himself, persuade Donahue to send for Collins, and then induce the two to come back with him, when they would be arrested the moment they crossed the line.

On the 29th of November Robert Pinkerton received word by telegraph that Proctor had left Susquehanna suddenly in the night, telling the agent of the express company that he would return the next day. This looked very much as if Proctor had played him false, since it had been expressly stipulated that he should not go away without Mr. Pinkerton's permission. Days went by and Proctor did not return. Then word came from one of the Pinkerton men at Fort Erie that Proctor had arrived at Donahue's hotel and had been joined there by Collins. This was a serious set-back for the detectives. Not only were the three robbers safe from arrest where they were, but being fully aware of the danger threatening them, and being men of shrewdness, it was fair to presume that they would now move with great care.

It soon became evident that Donahue and Collins were thoroughly alarmed by the news Proctor had brought them; for they at once took energetic steps to mislead any one who might be watching them. Having retired as usual one night, they arose later, and drove in a wagon to a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad, where they boarded a freight train for Toronto. After a brief stay in that city they went on to Montreal, where they tried hard to lose themselves, but were unsuccessful.

Meanwhile Mr. Pinkerton discovered that the story told him by Proctor was entirely untrue. So far from having been an honest man before the robbery, it came to light that he was already at that time a hardened criminal, having committed burglaries both in the United States and Canada, and having been sentenced, under another name, to a term in the Massachusetts State prison. While in prison he had contrived to make keys that would unlock his own cell and those of three other prisoners, and the four had thus made their escape. One of them was the notorious Charles Bullard, who was at that time serving a term of twenty years for the robbery of the Boylston Bank of Boston. Proctor had also offered the privilege of escape to Scott and Dunlap, the Northampton Bank robbers, who were confined in the same prison, but they had distrusted his plan, and refused to avail themselves of it.

A PLAN FOR THE CAPTURE OF PROCTOR.

It was now necessary for the detectives to devise a new plan. Robert Pinkerton knew that some three years earlier Donahue had been concerned in the robbery of a bank at Winnipeg, and also in the rob-

bery of a hardware store at Quebec. His brother, William Pinkerton, he also knew had a personal acquaintance with Donahue, from having arrested him a number of years before. He, therefore, sent for William Pinkerton to come to New York from Chicago, and on his arrival proposed to him that he go to Fort Erie, get an interview with Donahue, and tell him of Proctor's treachery in betraying Collins and himself; impress upon him that Proctor was a dangerous man to have dealings with; and try to induce him to lend his aid in delivering Proctor and Collins over the line, just as Robert Pinkerton had sought to have Proctor do in the case of Donahue and Collins. Donahue was known as a "stanch" man—that is, one who is true to his friends—and it was thought probable that he would refuse to take part in any such scheme. But in that event William Pinkerton was to threaten him with arrest for the old robberies at Winnipeg and Quebec.

This plan was carried out by William Pinkerton with greater success than had been expected. At first Donahue stoutly refused to betray a comrade, but the danger threatening himself was made to appear so great that finally, seeing no other way out of his difficulties, he consented to do what was asked of him in regard to Proctor. Against Collins, however, he declined to give any aid. By working on Proctor's natural fear of arrest, he easily persuaded him that the immediate departure of all three of them—himself, Proctor, and Collins—for Europe was advisable. It was arranged that they should not sail from Quebec or Halifax, since the steamers from those points were likely to be watched by detectives, but that they should leave Fort Erie stealthily by night, make their way separately to Montreal, and meet there.

This plan was carried out, and within a few days the three were in Montreal, all apparently of one mind in their desire to escape the country, though in reality Proctor was the only one of the three who thought himself in danger. Donahue had taken Collins into his confidence, and Collins was quite of Donahue's opinion that they were doing the proper thing in saving themselves by surrendering a man who had shown himself willing to betray them.

It had been agreed between William Pinkerton and Donahue that at Montreal tickets should be purchased to Europe by way of Portland, Maine, and that the party should leave Montreal at a certain time by the Grand Trunk road. The line of this road runs for a number of miles through northern Vermont, and it was customary for the train the men were to take to lay over for an hour at Island Pond, a little place just across the Canadian line. Here it was arranged that Robert Pinkerton should be waiting, ready to take Proctor into custody, and also (though in this part of the arrangement Donahue, of course, was not consulted) Donahue and Collins, should they be so imprudent as to stay on the train until it crossed the line. To the forwarding of this latter end, indeed, a special stratagem was resorted to. Conceiving that Donahue and Collins, in order the more completely to allay Proctor's suspicion, might remain with him until the last station was reached on the Canadian side, the detectives arranged that on this particular night the train should not stop at that station, but push on at full speed for the American line.

THE ARREST AT ISLAND POND.

On a certain Tuesday night Donahue, Collins, and Proctor took the 10.15 train at Montreal for Portland. No sooner had they left the station than a Pinkerton representative, who had "shadowed" them aboard, telegraphed the fact to Robert Pinkerton at Island Pond. Proctor went early to his berth in the sleeper. In another berth not far distant, never closing his eyes through the night, but lying there fully dressed, with weapons ready, was a Pinkerton detective, whose instructions were to accompany the three robbers as long as they were together, and to stay with Proctor to the last.

It was five o'clock in the morning when the train drew up at Island Pond. On the platform stood Robert Pinkerton, carrying a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania on the Governor of Vermont for the arrest of Donahue, Collins, and Proctor, charged with robbing the United States Express Company of forty thousand dollars, at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. The first man to leave the train was the "shadow," who informed his chief that Proctor was sound asleep in berth No. 12. Donahue and Collins, he said, had left the train long before it reached the last station on the Canadian side, so that the plan for their capture had fallen through. Mr. Pinkerton went aboard the sleeper at once, and going to berth No. 12, pushed aside the curtains. He could not see distinctly for the darkness, but, borrowing a lantern

from one of the trainmen, let the light fall on the face of the person within, and saw it was Proctor, slumbering in complete unconsciousness that his hour of reckoning had come. A gentle push in the ribs awakened him with a start. Recognizing Mr. Pinkerton, he said, with admirable coolness:

"You have spoiled the whole business. If you had not come in here to arrest me, I would have had those men across the line next week."

When he said this, Proctor supposed that Donahue and Collins were asleep in an adjoining berth; but, even to save himself, he never thought of betraying them, which goes to show that he was a "stancher" man than Donahue and Collins had been led to believe. For some time he endeavored to maintain his old character with Mr. Pinkerton; but on the way to Susquehanna, realizing the hopelessness of his case, he acknowledged the deception he had practised, and his full responsibility with the others in the Susquehanna robbery. He also admitted his previous criminal record.

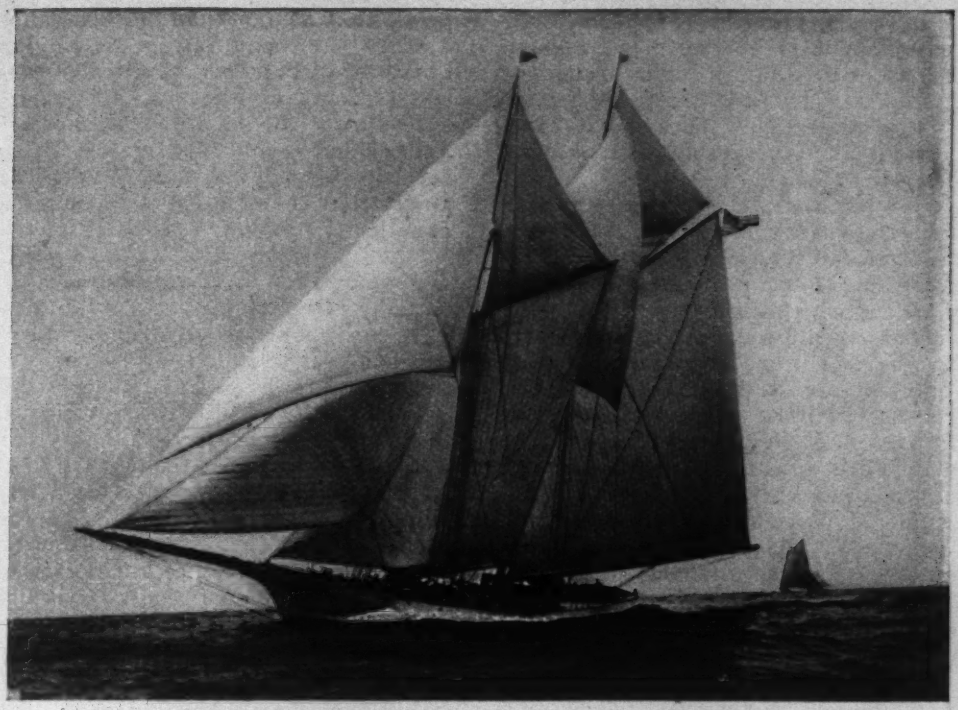
At Susquehanna, Proctor was placed in jail to await trial, and there Mr. Pinkerton visited him some time later. Something in the prisoner's manner convinced the detective that all was not as it should be, and he urged the sheriff to put Proctor in another cell, and to search his clothes and his cell thoroughly. This was done, and there were found a number of keys that fitted the locks of various doors in the jail, and also a large key fitting the gate from the jail yard into the street. Proctor's rare mechanical skill had enabled him to make these keys in his cell, from impressions furnished him by a woman who had been allowed to visit him. Being a good talker, Proctor had won this woman's sympathy, and had also made a strong appeal to her self-interest by promising, on his escape, to share with her a large sum of money he had buried.

THE PUNISHMENT.

At his trial Proctor pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Cherry Hill, Pennsylvania. Here, again, he was caught in the act of making keys to aid him to escape. He laid various other plans for regaining his liberty, indeed, but all were frustrated. His imprisonment worked no reform in him. After he had served out his sentence, some burglaries committed in Maine brought him again under arrest, and, having been identified as a convict from the Massachusetts State Prison, he was taken back to that institution, only a few months ago, to serve out his unexpired sentence, and he is there now.

The United States Express Company had not relaxed its efforts against his associates after Proctor's capture. Donahue and Collins returned to Montreal, well satisfied with the work they had done, and thinking themselves safe from pursuit. But President Platt instructed Robert Pinkerton to take every measure possible against them, and it was decided that as Donahue could not be reached and punished for the robbery at Susquehanna, he should be made to suffer for the early robbery at Quebec, already referred to. Donahue's complicity in this robbery was proved by the discovery of a part of the stolen goods in his hotel at Fort Erie. Through the efforts of the express company and the Pinkertons he was now arrested, and on trial was convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Kingston penitentiary. After his conviction Donahue told the detectives that he was a fool to have had anything to do with such a dangerous project as an express robbery, but that the opportunity at Susquehanna was so tempting that he could not resist it. After his arrest the express company attached all of his property, and although they did not succeed in getting a judgment against him, they fought him in the courts until his wife, acting for him, was obliged to mortgage all their possessions up to the last dollar, so that they never derived any substantial benefit from the stolen money.

As for Collins, he remained a fugitive from justice for some time after the conviction of Proctor and Donahue. Several years later, however, seeing himself constantly threatened by the express company and the detectives, he decided to placate his enemies by stepping out from the ranks of the law-breakers and trying to lead an honest life. And he has succeeded, as the Pinkertons have reason to know, and his case goes to prove what is borne out by wide experience, that even the most desperate criminals are sometimes capable of genuine reform.



"AMERICA," THE FIRST WINNER OF THE CUP.

From a copyrighted photograph by Frank H. Child, Newport, Rhode Island.

THE DEFENCE OF THE AMERICA'S CUP.

By W. J. Henderson,

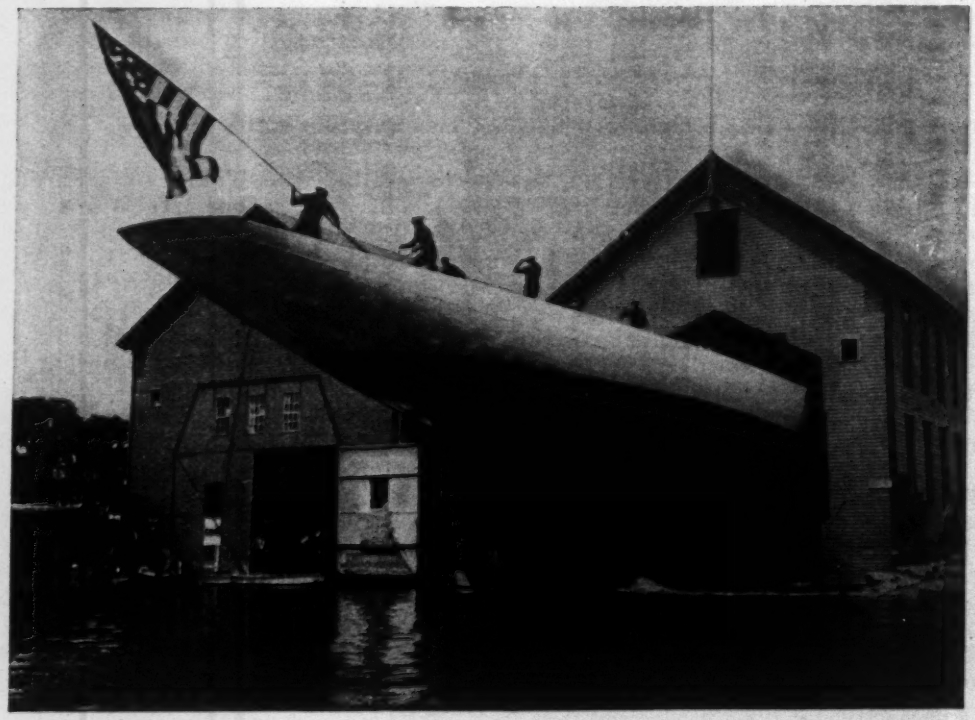
Author of "Elements of Navigation," "Sea Yarns for Boys," etc.

IN 1851 an international exposition was in progress in London. It occurred to George Steers, the best of our yacht designers then, and to Mr. George L. Schuyler and others, that it would be interesting to exhibit one of our fore-and-aft vessels. Accordingly Mr. Schuyler and his friends sailed for Havre, and afterward for Cowes, in their schooner yacht "America." A cup had been offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron for competition by all nations, but our yachtsmen knew nothing about it; and when they arrived at Cowes, they posted a challenge to meet any British yacht. The schooner "Titania" took up the gauntlet, and made a match of twenty miles to windward and return for one hundred pounds; otherwise no attention was paid to the challenge of our yachtsmen, who were informed that they could enter the big regatta for the cup on August 22d. They finally decided to do this. Besides the "America," eight schooners and nine cutters started at ten o'clock to race around the Isle of Wight. The largest was three hundred and ninety-two tons; the smallest, forty-seven; the "America" was rated at one hundred and seventy. At 11.30 A.M. the "America" was two miles to windward of the nearest yacht. The wind fell light, but at 3 P.M. it freshened, so that the "America" carried away her jib-boom. At 5.40 P.M. she rounded the Needles, when the "Aurora," the second yacht, was eight miles astern, and the rest of the fleet not in sight. Again the wind fell light, and with a head tide the "America" finished and anchored at 8.35 P.M., the "Aurora" following at 8.55. And that is the history of the winning of the America's cup—a mere yachting incident, without international or scientific significance. That the victory meant nothing to the vanquished is demonstrated by the fact that seventeen years elapsed before any Englishman thought of trying to win back the

cup. In the meantime, J. C. Stevens, E. A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finley, and George L. Schuyler, owners of the "America," on July 8, 1857, presented their prize to the New York Yacht Club, to be held as a perpetual international challenge trophy.

Even after that, eleven years passed before James Ashbury, a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, announced that he would like to make the attempt to take back the cup with his schooner "Cambria." The arrangements were not completed till 1870. By their terms Mr. Ashbury had to sail only one race, and that against a fleet. There were eighteen starters on August 8, 1870, over the New York Yacht Club course. Fifteen yachts finished, and the "Cambria" was tenth. The "Magic" was the winner, followed by the "Idler," "Silvie," "America," "Dauntless," "Madgie," "Phantom," "Alice," and "Halcyon"—all ahead of the "Cambria."

Mr. Ashbury went back to England, and had built for him a new yacht, the "Livonia." This was the first yacht especially built to compete for the cup; but she was not the product of the best designing skill in England, nor was she in any way a representative vessel. She had even less right to pose as a champion than the "Navahoe" had when she went untried to England. All kinds of discussions preceded Mr. Ashbury's second appearance in America. One result was the decision that thereafter the challenger should race against a single American yacht. The New York Yacht Club selected the schooners "Columbia," "Dauntless," "Sappho," and "Palmer" to meet the "Livonia," reserving the right to name one of these four on the morning of each race. Of course that was unfair, as it gave our yachtsmen the opportunity to pick their boat to suit the weather. The reader will note, however, that we had not as yet built a yacht expressly for the defence of the cup. The "Livonia" sailed five races. On August 16, 1871, the "Columbia" beat her over the old inside course by twenty-seven minutes, fourteen seconds. On August 20th, the same boat won by eight minutes in a race of twenty miles to windward from Sandy Hook lightship and return. The third race was won by the "Livonia," by fifteen minutes, ten seconds, the "Columbia" having broken her steering gear. Thus the "Livonia" is the only challenger that ever won a race for the America's cup. In the fourth race, October 21st, the "Sappho" won, and she



LAUNCHING THE "DEFENDER."

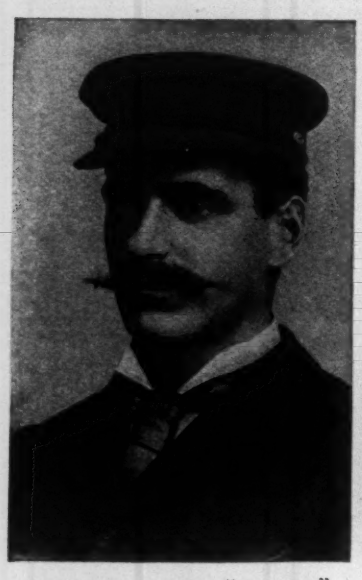
From a copyrighted photograph by Frank H. Child, Newport, Rhode Island.

THE "DEFENDER" BEATING TO WINDWARD.

From a copyrighted photograph by Frank H. Child, Newport, Rhode Island.

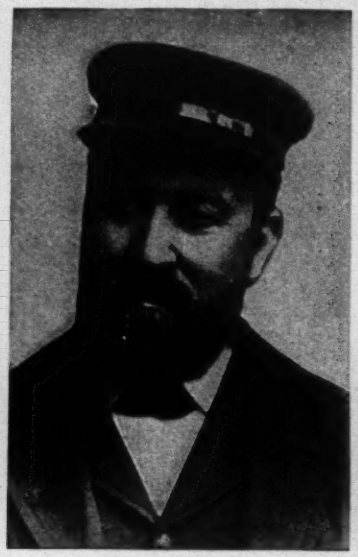
also took the fifth and last race, on October 23d.

These races aroused some foreign interest, and in 1876 the Canadian schooner "Countess of Dufferin" arrived here a challenger. The schooner "Madeleine" was selected to meet her, and over the club course, on August 11th, beat her ten minutes, fifty-nine seconds. On August 12th the "Madeleine," racing her opponent twenty miles to windward and return, won by twenty-seven minutes, fourteen seconds. In 1881, the centreboard sloop "Atalanta," designed by Captain Cuthbert, came from Belleville, Ontario, by the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, to get the cup. Three trial races were held here, and the iron sloop "Mischief" was chosen to defend the cup. It will be noticed that this was the first of the races between "single-stickers." These yachts were in the seventy-foot class, and were dwarfs compared with the present giants. The races were sailed on November 9th and 10th. The "Mischief" won the first by twenty-eight minutes, twenty and one-quarter seconds, and

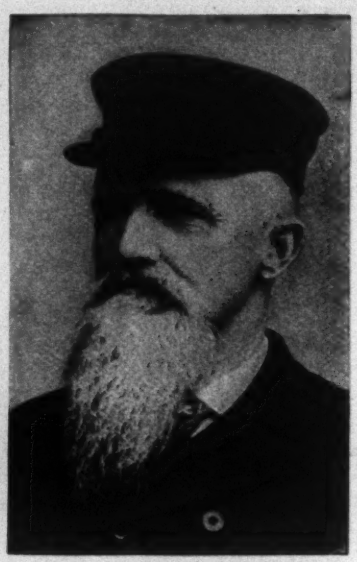


CAPTAIN BARR, OF THE "VIGILANT."

From a photograph, copyrighted 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



CAPTAIN CRANFIELD, OF THE "VALKYRIE III."



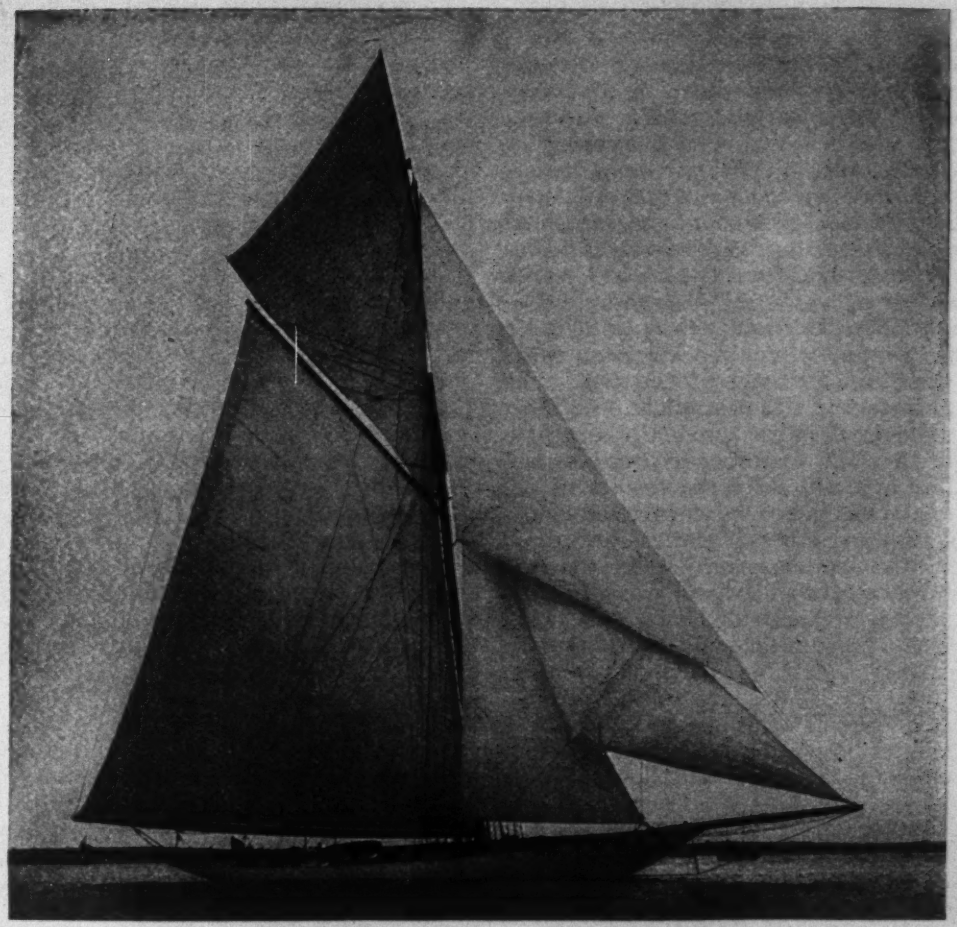
CAPTAIN HAFF, OF THE "DEFENDER."

From a photograph, copyrighted 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

the second by thirty-eight minutes, fifty-four seconds. The "Atalanta's" voyage hither led to the insertion of a clause in the deed of gift, specifying that "vessels selected to compete for this cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place."

In 1885 came the challenge which lifted the America's cup to the level that its donors had sought for it—that of an international challenge cup; and, so far as

"VALKYRIE III." ON THE STOCKS.



THE "VIGILANT" CLOSE-HAULED IN A LIGHT BREEZE.

From a copyrighted photograph by Frank H. Child, Newport, Rhode Island.

America was concerned, made the contests for it representative of the highest skill in yacht building and sailing. On February 26th the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Northern Yacht Club simultaneously offered as challengers the eighty-five-foot cutters "Genesta" and "Galatea." The proposition was to have the American representative sail against the "Genesta" first, and, if successful, against the "Galatea" immediately afterward. The final arrangement, however, was that the "Genesta" should compete for the cup in 1885, and if she failed to win it, the "Galatea" should try in 1886. The publication of the dimensions of the "Genesta" aroused anxiety among American yachtsmen and excited newspaper discussion, which stirred up general interest. It was at once seen that we would have to produce a new yacht to meet Sir Richard Sutton's gallant cutter. Our largest sloops were the "Gracie" and the "Fanny," about sixty-five feet on the water-line, while the "Genesta" measured eighty-five feet. Our yachts were all wide, shallow boats, with a moderate amount of ballast carried inside the hulls, under the floors. The "Genesta" was only fifteen feet wide, and had many tons of lead bolted to her deep keel outside.

The New York Yacht Club sent an invitation to every yachting organization in the country to enter competitors in the trial races which should decide what boat would defend the now important cup. James Gordon Bennett and W. P. Douglass, commodore and vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club, decided to build a big sloop. A. Cary Smith designed her, Harlan & Hollingsworth built her, and she was the iron centreboard sloop "Priscilla"—now a schooner called "Elma." About the same time a syndicate of Boston yachts-

men, among whom were that remarkable trio, General Charles J. Paine, Edward Burgess, and J. Malcolm Forbes, also decided to build a competitor. She was designed by Mr. Burgess, whose untimely death has been a source of genuine grief to all yachtsmen, and was christened "Puritan." She was a wooden centreboard sloop, built by Lawley of Boston, and measured eighty-one feet one and one-half inches on the water-line, twenty-two feet seven inches beam, and eight feet eight inches draught. The "Puritan" was a combination of the best features of the American sloop and the English cutter of her time. She was a product of scientific yacht designing, and did more to impress upon the American public the fact that speed, strength, and stability in a ship were the results of absolute knowledge and mathematical calculation than any other single vessel ever laid down in an American yard. For the first time a centreboard yacht was given a partial keel with outside lead ballast. She had a short mainmast and a long topmast, like a cutter, and she carried a straight pole bowsprit. Mr. Cary Smith's production, the "Priscilla," was a good boat, and would have been regarded as a surprisingly fine one had it not been for the "Puritan." The two yachts first met in the Goelet Cup race off Newport in a heavy wind and sea, and the "Puritan" won. Public interest was greatly excited, and when the Boston yacht made her appearance in New York Harbor she was saluted by the whistle of every passing steamer and cheered by the passengers. The "Puritan" and "Priscilla" sailed three trial races at this port, the "Puritan" winning the first and third. She was selected by the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club, to sail against the "Genesta."

It is not necessary to go into details about the races. The first was sailed on September 14, 1885, over the old New York Yacht Club course, from a point inside the Narrows out to the Sandy Hook lightship and back to a point just below the Narrows—a course utterly unsuited to large yachts, and now sensibly abandoned. The breezes were from light to moderate, and the "Puritan" won by sixteen minutes, nineteen seconds. The second race was twenty miles to leeward and return from the lightship, and was sailed on September 16th in a fresh nor'wester, which at one time blew at thirty-seven miles an hour. This was the finest race ever sailed for the cup, except the last race between "Vigilant" and "Valkyrie." It was a splendid test of the calculations of Mr. Burgess, who had aimed to make the "Puritan" a good all-around yacht. The race was close and exciting throughout. The "Genesta" beat the "Puritan" two minutes, six seconds, to the outer mark, but on the beat home, aided by a slight shift in the wind, the "Puritan" recovered the lost ground and won by one minute, thirty-eight seconds.

The following year the "Galatea" made ready to fight for the cup. Two new ninety-footers, the "Mayflower" and the "Atlantic," were built. The former was designed by the great Burgess for General Charles J. Paine. The "Atlantic" was designed by Philip Ellsworth, not a scientific naval architect, for a syndicate of members of the Atlantic Yacht Club. She was a failure as compared with our other big sloops, but was faster than the "Galatea." The trial races demonstrated that the "Mayflower," a larger vessel, of easier bilge, deeper draught, and heavier outside ballast than the "Puritan," was fairly the best boat of our four big sloops, and she was selected to meet the "Galatea." The first race was sailed on September 7, 1886, over the club course, and the "Mayflower" won in a light breeze by twelve minutes, two seconds. The second race, on September 11th, was twenty miles to leeward and return; and in light, variable winds the "Mayflower" again won by twenty-nine minutes, nine seconds.

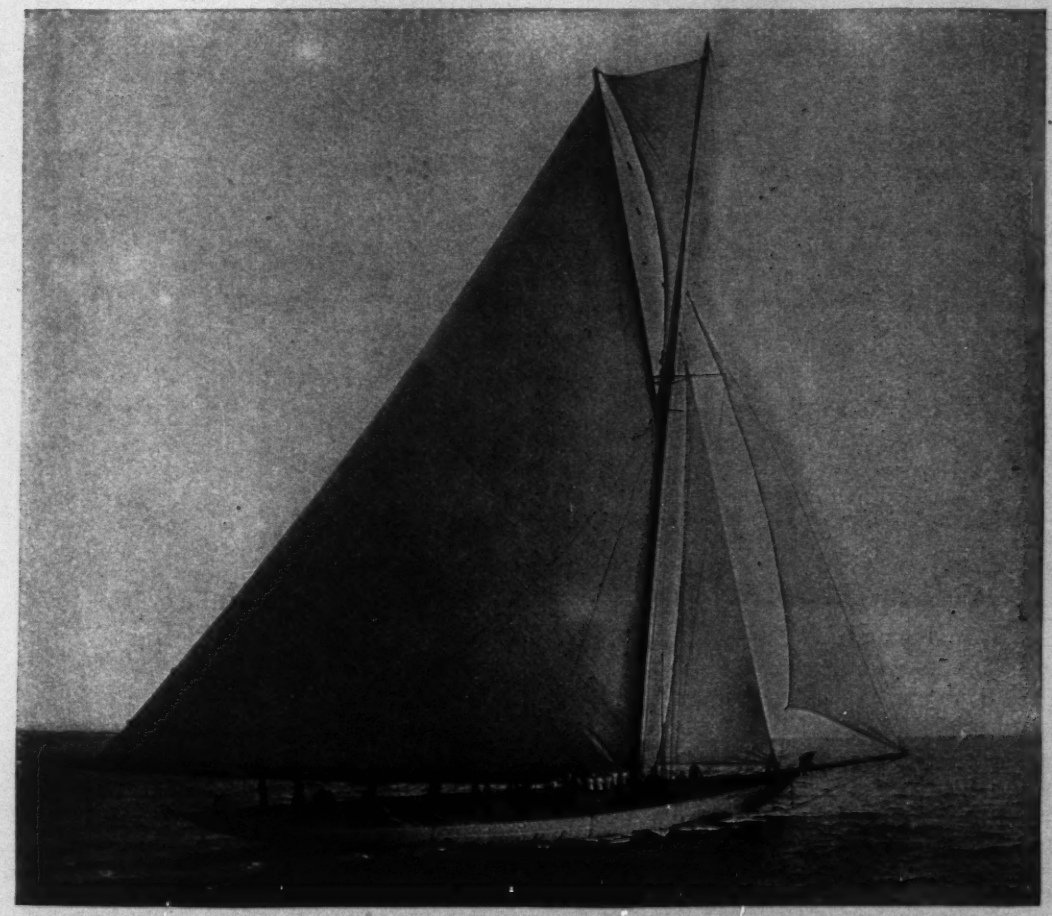
A syndicate of enthusiastic Scotchmen, full of the racing spirit of the Clyde, now engaged the eminent designer, George L. Watson, to lay down the lines of a yacht that would beat the Yankee inventions. The yacht was the "Thistle," now known as the "Meteor" and owned by Emperor William of Germany. The "Thistle" was the first British yacht designed for the America's cup competition, and she was a good boat. She had more beam than any other British yacht and carried more canvas. She was industriously raced in all the spring regattas in her home waters, and the manner in which she beat her competitors alarmed Americans.

Again General Paine commissioned Burgess to design a big sloop, and the result was the splendid steel centreboard cutter "Volunteer," to the writer's mind the most wholesome product of American yacht designing. She measured 85.88 feet on the water line, 23.02 feet beam, and ten feet draught. She was powerfully built, carried plenty of outside ballast, and was so sparred and canvassed that she was at

home in light breezes or a blow. No man admires Mr. Herreshoff, designer of the "Vigilant" and "Defender," more than I do, but I believe that if Mr. Burgess had lived he would have revealed even greater ability than he showed in his three progressive creations, "Puritan," "Mayflower," and "Volunteer."

The race, on September 27, 1887, began at 12:35, the "Thistle" leading by one minute, fifty-two and one-quarter seconds. At 12:46:25 the "Volunteer" was in the lead, and she won by nineteen minutes, twenty-three and three-quarter seconds. The second race was sailed on September 30th, twenty miles to windward and return. The "Volunteer" outwinded the "Thistle" on the first tack, and beat by eleven minutes, forty-seven and three-quarter seconds.

For five years the cup was permitted to repose unsought, and it was admitted abroad that America held the yachting championship of the world. Then came a challenge from the Earl of Dunraven, who named as his yacht the "Valkyrie," the latest product of the brain of George L. Watson. Mr. Burgess had passed from the land of the living, but in 1891 Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, had produced a forty-six-foot yacht, of novel design, which in twenty-six consecutive races had finished at the head of her class. Two syndicates of New York gentlemen commissioned him to design and build ninety-footers. The results were the keel sloop "Colonia" and the centreboard sloop "Vigilant." General Paine came into the field once more with the "Jubilee," a yacht of his own design, and a Boston syndicate built the "Pilgrim," designed by George Stewart, who had been a partner of Mr. Burgess. The "Colonia" won one of the trial races by six seconds, but in the end the "Vigilant" fairly demonstrated her fitness, and was chosen to sail for the cup. The "Jubilee" broke down



THE "DEFENDER."

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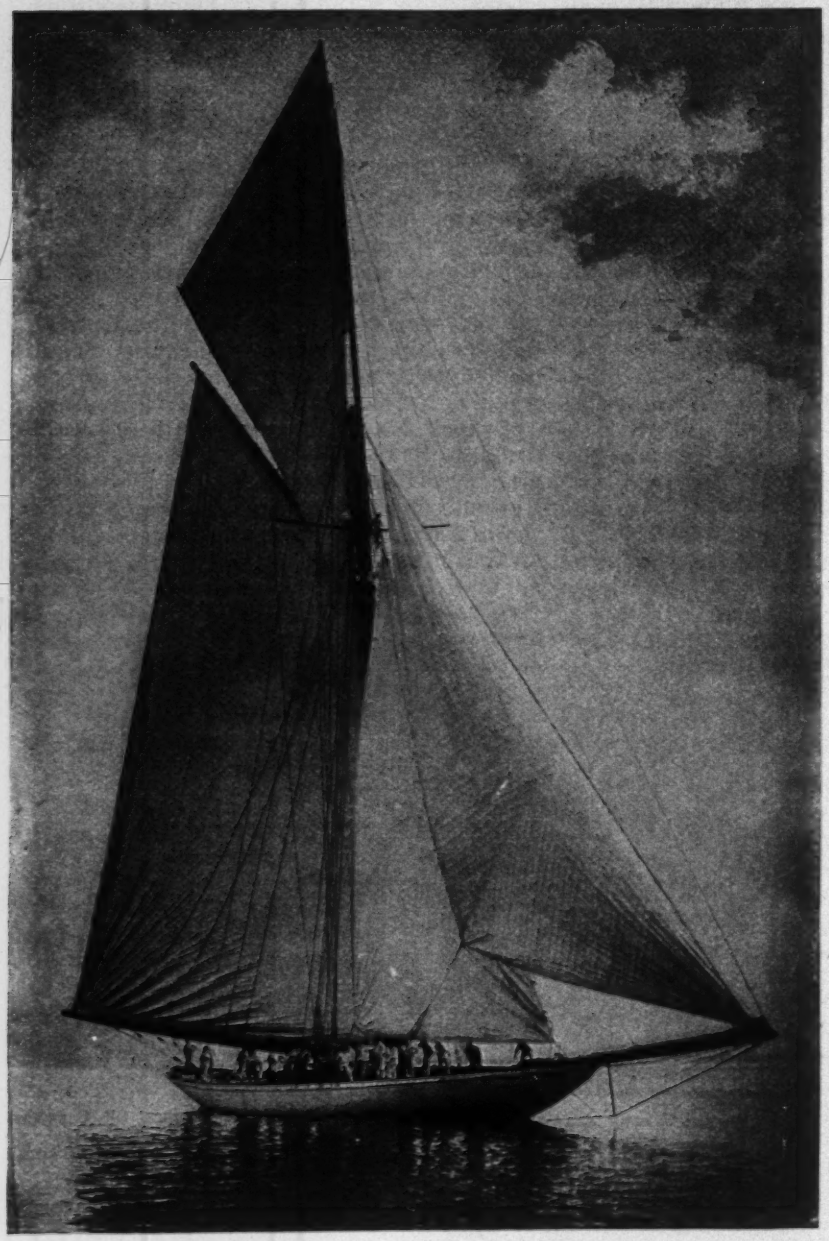


"VALKYRIE III." GETTING UNDER WAY.

From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea.

so often that she never had a chance to show her true quality; but she may appear again in the trial races this year. Meanwhile the "Valkyrie" was afloat in English waters, and was winning a majority of her races against the cracks of the British yachting fleet. Negotiations between Lord Dunraven and the New York Yacht Club led to excellent changes in the conditions of the international contest. The inside course—from the Narrows—was abandoned, and it was decided to hold all races outside Sandy Hook, in open water, while the number of victories required was increased from two out of three to three out of five. The first race was sailed on October 7, 1893, after a failure for lack of wind on October 5th. The course was fifteen miles to leeward and return, but owing to a shift of wind, the yachts sailed from the outer mark with the wind nearly abeam. The "Vigilant" won by five minutes, forty-eight seconds. The closeness of the contest served to increase public interest, which was already up to the fever point, and a great crowd went out to see the second race, sailed over a triangular course on October 9th. The wind blew twenty knots an hour and held true. This time there was no doubt in any mind. The "Vigilant" outsailed her rival on every leg of the course, and won the race by ten minutes, thirty-five seconds. On October 11th the yachts went out for their third race. Again the wind failed them, but the "Valkyrie" led for three hours, and aroused new interest. But on October 13th, in a rattling easterly breeze and a choppy sea, the "Vigilant" finished her task by beating the "Valkyrie," in the finest yacht race ever sailed in American

waters, by the narrow margin of forty seconds.

In 1894 the "Vigilant," which had been purchased by George J. Gould, went to England and competed in about twenty races, in most of which she was defeated by the Prince of Wales's cutter "Britannia." The "Valkyrie" had been sunk in a collision with the "Satanita" at the beginning of the season. As the "Valkyrie" had almost always beaten the "Britannia," all kinds of questions were raised by the "Vigilant's" defeats, and Lord Dunraven commissioned Mr. Watson to design him a new "Valkyrie." A challenge for the old cup once more crossed the Atlantic, and American yachtsmen prepared for the defence. Mr. Gould announced that the "Vigilant" would try again. She has had her outside ballast increased, and will carry more sail. General Paine, the dean of our cup defenders, has been altering the "Jubilee," and it is hoped that he will be at the starting line in the trial races. Messrs. C. O. Iselin, E. D. Morgan, and W. K. Vanderbilt commissioned Mr. Herreshoff to design and build a ninety-footer for them, and he produced the "Defender." She is plated with aluminium, and is an out-and-out cutter, the centreboard having been replaced by a heavy, deep, leaden keel. She is in many respects a new departure, but she has already demonstrated that she is a fast and powerful vessel.

Some idea of the pitch to which yachting enthusiasm has risen may be gathered from the fact that the building and maintenance of the "Defender" will have cost the syndicate, at the close of the season, about a quarter of a million dollars, and it is safe to say that three hundred and fifty thousand dollars will not be too great an allowance for the expenses of the three yachts that will compete in the trial races.

THE CUP CHALLENGER "VALKYRIE."

By E. L. Snell.

THE new "Valkyrie"—third of that name—has been built for the sole purpose of winning the America's cup, and to that end has been designed for American waters and American conditions of wind and weather. Though nominally owned by the Earl of Dunraven, it is an open secret that she is the property of a syndicate, the other members of which, besides Lord Dunraven, are the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. H. McCalmont—all rich men, with purses long enough to enable them to indulge in patriotism to any extent. She is a racing machine pure and simple. In her design George L. Watson has embodied all that he learned by his unsuccessful attempts to capture the cup with the "Thistle" in 1887, and the second "Valkyrie" in 1893. On each of these occasions he was beaten by a bigger boat—by a boat which, although of about the same water-line length as his own, had more beam and carried more sail: in other words, possessed more power. Now, to use a phrase which the canny Scotchman would never think of using himself, he has seen our "raise" and "gone" us one better. He has turned out a boat that on a water-line length of ninety feet has a beam of within a fraction of twenty-six feet, draws fully nineteen feet of water and perhaps a little more, and has a lead mine weighing something like eighty-seven tons bolted to her keel. On this machine he has clapped a sail-spread of about thirteen thousand square feet.

Thus it happens that for the first time in the history of the America's cup races the challenging boat is the bigger boat. The "Valkyrie" has considerably more beam than the "Defender," a trifle less draught, about the same weight of lead on her keel, and a larger sail-spread.

The Englishmen are saying this: "The Yankee has always beaten us with a bigger boat. This time we have the bigger boat. Therefore we ought to win."

We are not saying much; we are pinning our faith to Herreshoff.

In designing the "Valkyrie" Watson has taken into account the sort of weather that usually prevails during the cup races in September. He has come to the conclusion that the prospects are largely in favor of a majority of the races being sailed in light weather. And for this reason he has built a boat that is at her best in light weather, and at her worst, relatively, when it blows fresh. In this he is taking a gambler's chance, with the odds largely in his favor.

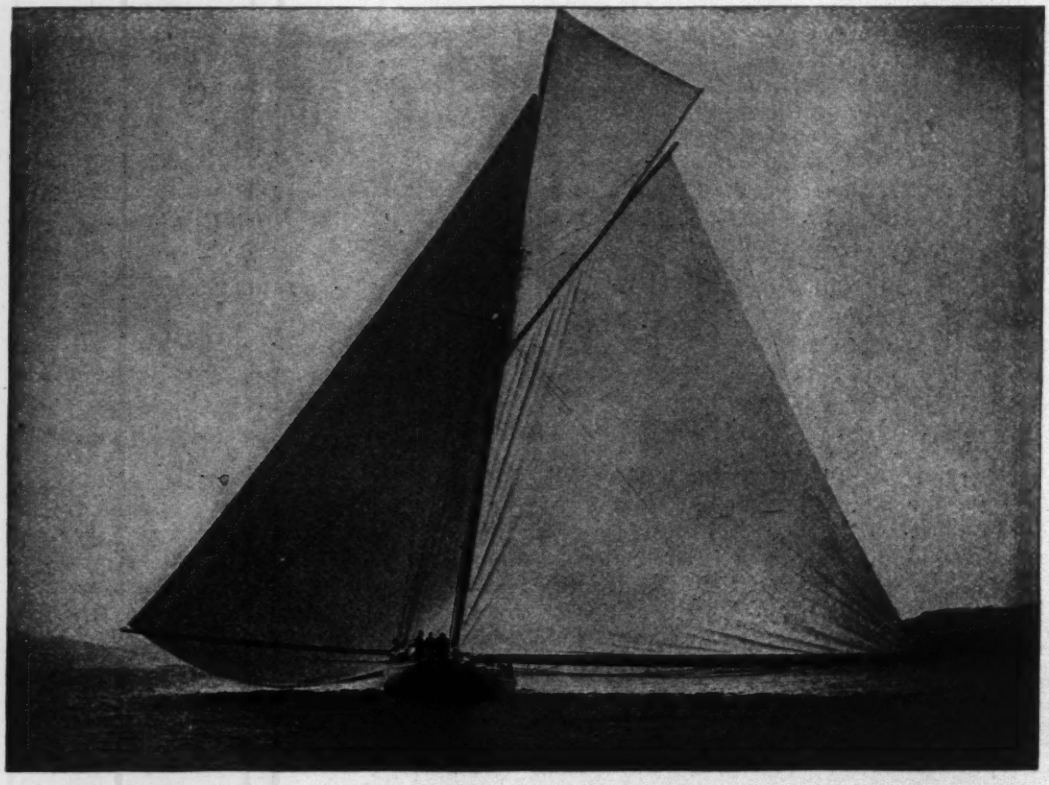
There is no doubt that the "Valkyrie"

goes like the wind itself in light weather. Equally certain is it that she is relatively much inferior in a stiff breeze. She was tried in home waters in four races before starting across the Atlantic. In her first race, sailed June 29th over the Clyde course, in a light wind, she obtained a long lead over the "Britannia," but lost nearly all of it because the Prince of Wales's cutter caught a favorable slant of wind that the "Valkyrie" missed. She finished first, but lost the race on time allowance. However, it was conceded by the nautical critics that she had clearly demonstrated her superiority to the "Britannia" in a soft breeze. And it is worth remembering that, in her races sailed with the "Vigilant" in 1894, the "Britannia" was generally able to show her heels to the Yankee centreboard craft under such conditions.

In her second race, sailed in a fresh breeze over a fifty-mile course, the "Valkyrie" was beaten by the "Britannia" three minutes and one second, and by the "Ailsa" two minutes and sixteen seconds. In these figures time allowance is not included. That would make her beating much worse. In this race she gave an extraordinary display of her weather bilge, and churned up the sea from her lee quarter in a way that made old sailors hold up their hands with horror. Her poor showing may be partially accounted for by the fact that her sails, being new, stretched considerably and bagged badly. But she was clearly overcanvassed for such weather. After this race she took in several additional tons of ballast.

In her next race, a private match with the "Ailsa," which was sailed in a light breeze, she won in fine style, with fifteen minutes to spare. Her last race before starting across the Atlantic was sailed on July 6. It was over a fifty-mile course, and a nice whole-sail breeze prevailed. The "Britannia" was beaten nearly nineteen minutes actual time, and by fourteen minutes and twenty-five seconds corrected time.

Of course we want to have everything fair, square, and above-board in the cup races, but it might not be a bad idea for pious and patriotic Americans to pray that it may blow pretty stiff when they are sailed.



STERN VIEW OF "VALKYRIE III," RUNNING DEAD BEFORE THE WIND.

From a photograph by G. West & Son, Southsea.

THE TEN-CENT MAGAZINE AGAIN.

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

MISS GILDER does not seem convinced that McCLURE'S at ten cents a copy can possibly be as good as a thirty-five-cent magazine. She says:

"Mr. McClure contends that he can make as good a magazine for ten cents as can be made for thirty-five. This depends upon what you call 'as good.' I am sure that a very good magazine can be made for ten cents, but that it will be *as* good as the thirty-five-cent one I cannot believe. Mr. McClure may say that it will be 'good enough,' but that is another question. It would be simply impossible for the now existing thirty-five cent periodicals to be sold for ten cents, for the greater their circulation at that price, the greater would be their loss. There will always be a large audience for a thirty-five-cent magazine, and a larger one, possibly, for the ten-cent periodical; but neither the audience nor the magazine will be the same."

And Miss Gilder is not the only one who maintains this position. Indeed we have received remonstrances from our friends in all parts of the country. Many subscribers seem to fear that the change in price portends a cheapening of the quality and a change in the policy of the magazine. Dr. Vincent says: "Mr. McClure had no need to reduce *his* price. He has no competition."

We will once for all explain to our friends just how we can produce a magazine of the highest quality for ten cents a copy, and so, we believe, convince them of the wisdom of our course.

Leaving out the advertising pages, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE could be manufactured at two cents a copy less than the wholesale price (counting only the cost of paper, presswork, and binding). A circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand copies would produce a profit of three thousand dollars, which is the sum required to pay preliminary expenses of the magazine, such as literature, pictures, salaries, etc.; so that the magazine is capable of being self-supporting without advertising. But there is some profit on the advertising pages; so that, as a matter of fact, the magazine is self-sustaining at its present circulation of one hundred and ten thousand copies.

Now, is it "as good" as the higher priced monthlies, or will "neither the audience nor the magazine be the same"?

McCLURE'S is not as large as the high-priced monthlies, although, comparing price and quantity, it gives twice as much for the money.

As to quality, we believe we have our share of the best work of the best authors. We are not sparing in furnishing stories and articles by such writers as Howells, Kipling, Stevenson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Herbert Spencer, W. E. Gladstone, Professor Drummond, Anthony Hope, Bret Harte, Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, Robert Barr, Octave Thanet. Indeed, the list of our contributors makes almost a complete catalogue of the best known authors. We may fairly claim to be lavish with such writers. We can afford to get the best, and we believe we know the best.

As far, then, as fame of contributors is concerned, we believe that every one will concede we have no superior. If we fail, it may be in our articles describing noteworthy men, important inventions and the like, or in our special features. But here, also, we believe we have shown ourselves the equal of the best. In the matter of studies of great men, Professor Boyesen's dialogue with Mr. Howells, Edward Everett Hale's paper on Dr. Holmes, Professor Drummond's articles on Mr. Moody, Herbert Spencer's tribute to Professor Tyndall, Hamlin Garland's real conversations with Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley, Robert Barr's encounter with Conan Doyle, the splendid papers of R. H. Sherard, the incomparable series of articles on Napoleon by Miss Tarbell, which doubled the circulation of the magazine, and now in book form have reached a second edition and a sale of thirty-seven thousand copies, not to mention General Porter's article on Grant, and Dr. William Wright's remarkable contributions to the early history of the Brontës, which President Gilman of Johns Hopkins pronounced the most important contribution to literary history since the publication of the Thackeray letters in "Scribner's"—these papers, in fame of author, importance of subject, and nobility of treatment, are surely worthy of any magazine.

In the record and description of new inventions and discoveries, new applications of science, etc., McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has surpassed all contemporaries. The contributions in this department have in many cases antedated the discussion of the same subjects in the newspapers. The article by Mr. Warman, describing his marvellous ride on the engines of the "flyer" from New York to Chicago, has been translated by the directories of several European railways for their use.

The articles on Tammany, by E. J. Edwards, have attracted the attention of public men all over the country, winning strong approval from ex-President Harrison.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE could be no different from what it is now if it were published at twenty-five or thirty-five cents, except in size. We are making the best magazine we know how to make. Of course we are not satisfied with our performance, and expect to supply even a better magazine during the coming year than we supplied last year. We believe our new "Life of Lincoln" will far surpass anything we have yet done. It will be especially noteworthy pictorially. We are constantly adding to the list of Lincoln portraits. Kindly disposed readers of the Magazine send us, from time to time, new pictures and new material. No man ever left such an impression upon those who met him as Lincoln, and hundreds of people are for the first time giving their impressions for publication.

Miss Tarbell has spent several months already in arranging for the Lincoln articles. She has visited the scenes of Lincoln's career in Illinois, and has collected at first hand, masses of new material for both text and pictures. Our November number will contain the beginning of this series.

We invite our readers to examine our prospectus in the October number. McCLURE'S will be a great magazine next year. It will be so good that few people who know about it will be able to do without it.

IDA M. TARBELL.

We are constantly receiving requests for information about Miss Tarbell, but we cannot persuade her to permit the publication in the Magazine of an article about herself. She graduated at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and was for several years

managing editor of the "Chautauquan." She then went to Paris, where she remained for three years, preparing herself for her life work—to be a writer of history and biography. During the three years through which she studied and worked in Paris she supported herself by her pen, writing for the McClure syndicate of newspapers, and for "Scribner's Magazine." When McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was started she began to contribute regularly to it. Her articles on the Pasteur Institute, the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, the observatory on top of Mount Blanc, and the Paris Municipal Laboratory, were well done.

A year ago last April, Miss Tarbell undertook to collect material on the telegraph and the cable systems of the world. The result of this work was the article which appeared in our July number under a pseudonym. Her method of collecting her material for the telegraph article, a great deal of which had never before been published, together with her other work, so impressed the editors of the magazine, one of whom was in London at the time, that she was engaged as a member of the staff, the connection to begin in the autumn. When Mr. Hubbard placed his Napoleon collection at the service of the Magazine, it was found necessary to have a plain, straightforward story of the life of Napoleon, and Miss Tarbell was assigned this task. It is needless to tell the readers of this magazine how well she succeeded. Her work has the merits of accuracy and readability, and has pleased both the public and the critics.

After finishing the "Life of Napoleon," Miss Tarbell engaged in collecting material for a "Life of Lincoln." She visited the towns and cities of Illinois, and met the men and women who knew Lincoln. She engaged contributions and collected materials, and is still at work on the "Life of Lincoln." How well she is succeeding, our readers will be able to judge by the series of illustrated papers on Lincoln which is to begin in the November number.

IAN MACLAREN.

This is the pen name of the Rev. John Watson, author of "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush," which has reached a sale in England of fifty thousand copies in less than a year, and has also had an enormous sale in this country. Mr. Watson was a classmate of Professor Drummond, and also of Dr. Stalker, the author of a Life of Christ. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's article on Mr. Watson's story "Afterwards," a story which appeared in our April number, is probably a unique tribute from one author to another. We shall publish several stories by Mr. Watson. The story in this number is laid in Drumtochty, the scene of the stories in "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush."

THE LAST WORD ON ASTRONOMY.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss is probably the most popular writer on astronomy in America. His knowledge is so accurate that he commands the respect of the greatest astronomers. The adventures in mountain-climbing which he describes in this issue, occurred last year. He has just sailed for Europe in behalf of this Magazine, to visit the great observatories, interview astronomers, and secure for the Magazine the last word there in astronomical science. His papers will be fully illustrated.

THE TAMMANY SERIES.

There will be two more Tammany articles, as well as a contribution by Theodore Roosevelt, and a summary of the achievements of the new *régime* in New York City.

MR. STEVENSON'S FABLES.

These fables are something new in magazine literature. Leaves from the Vailima letters, with an introduction by Mr. Sidney Colvin, to whom Mr. Stevenson wrote the letters, will be published in our next issue.

MORE STORIES FROM ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Robert Barr has withdrawn from the editorship of the "Idler," a magazine which he invented, founded, and carried to a splendid success. He proposes now to devote himself exclusively to literature. He has promised us his stories, and we may soon expect more stories like "The Typewritten Letter," "Where Ignorance is Bliss," and "A Deal on 'Change," which proved so successful in this Magazine.

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

We are delighted to announce that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will contribute frequently to the Magazine during the coming year. Her contributions will be of unique interest. She will enter an entirely new field. Her papers will rank in importance with our "Life of Lincoln."

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND A MONTH.

If you are pleased with this Magazine and will speak to your neighbors and tell them what a wonderful periodical they can get for one dollar a year, you will enable us to reach the figure we want with our November number. No one should miss the extraordinary collection of Lincoln portraits, beginning in that number. It will include an early daguerreotype, which has never before been published, and which shows Lincoln at a much earlier age than any picture published heretofore. This collection will really constitute a "human document" series, and will show the marvellous changes wrought in Lincoln's face by the important work he had to do.